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THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

APRIL/MAY
2000

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& NURSE NELLIE

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KATHARINE MAKES HER
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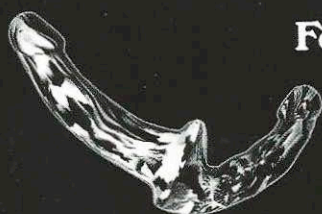
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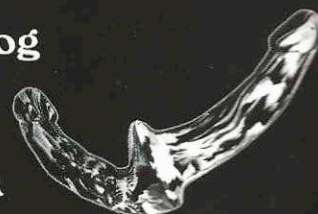
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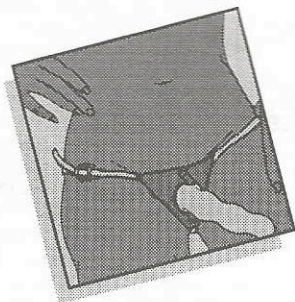
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OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Volume 14, Issue 6

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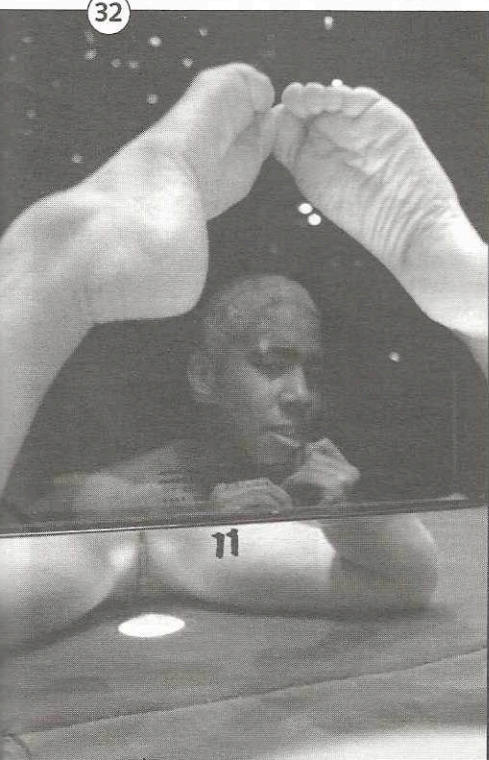
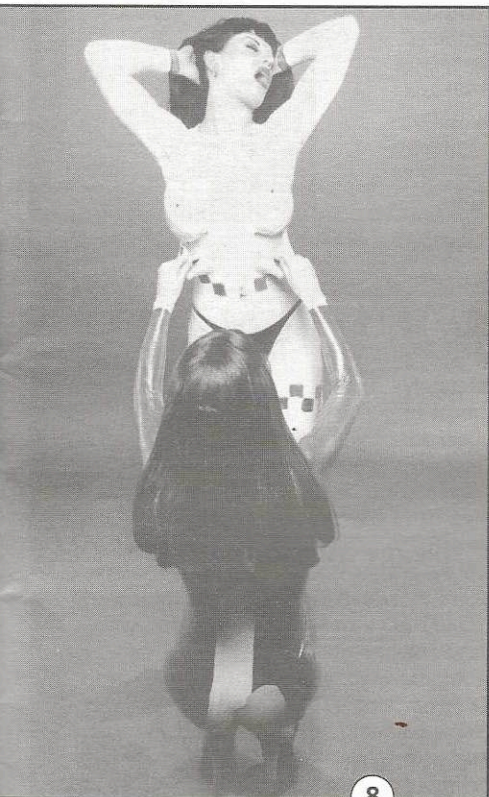
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On Our Backs

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

April/May 2000
Volume 14, Issue 6

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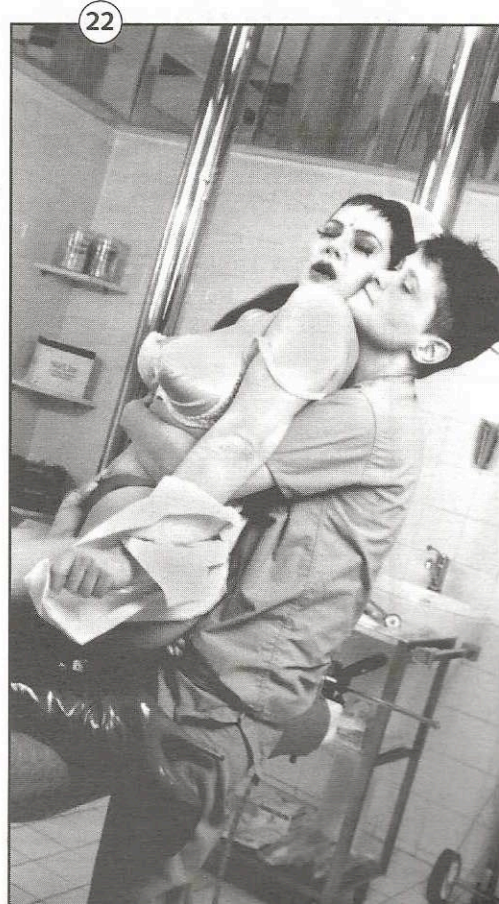
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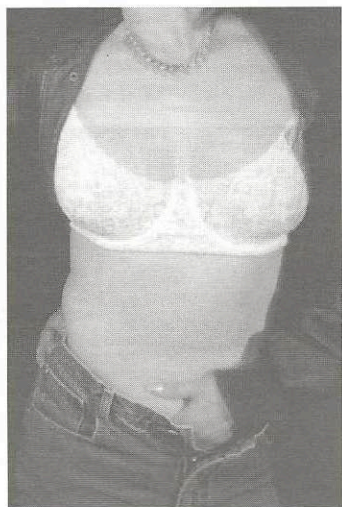
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Compiled by Lindsay McClune

Who hasn't fantasized about doing Rita Hayworth? **Joan Nestle** takes us there with her masturbatory piece (page 30). Author of two collections of writings, *A Restricted Country* and *A Fragile Union*, editor of six others, including the *Vintage Book of International Lesbian Fiction* (1999) and *Persistent Desire: A Femme-Butch Reader*, Joan, who will be 60 in May, is still active with the Lesbian Herstory Archives and is currently working on her third collection of writings, *The Last Refuge*. "I dedicate this story to my Australian lover, Dianne Otto, who made it all possible in all the ways told."



Joan Nestle

Peggy Munson dedicates "Undertow" (page 38) to others with Chronic Fatigue Immune Dysfunction Syndrome (CFIDS) wrestling with sex, beauty, disability, and the body's betrayals. "Tons of dykes have this illness and desperately need the advocacy of able-bodied people, because most of us are far too sick to organize. I wrote 'Undertow' because someday it would be cool if people actually funded research so that we could write and fuck without ending up feverish and bedridden." She's the editor of the forthcoming book *Stricken: Voices From a Hidden Epidemic*. Her work has also appeared in *Best Lesbian Erotica 2000* and *Hers3: Brilliant New Fiction by Lesbian Writers*.



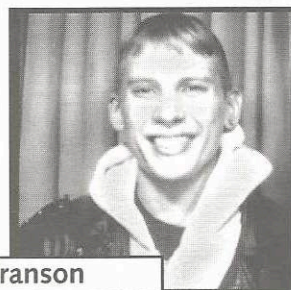
Peggy Munson

"I met Katharine at the **On Our Backs/Toys In Babeland** party at the Clit Club," says **Michele Serchuk** the photographer of this issue's pinup girl. "She was so enthusiastic in her desire to be in **On Our Backs** that she spilled her drink on me. We shot together once and I really liked working with her, so I went about setting up an OOB shoot. The shoot was wonderful, sexy, sensual, except that we kept tripping the circuit breakers every 10 or so frames. Luckily Tristan's assistant got very adept at resetting the box." Michele lives and works as a photographer in New York; her work has appeared in *Libido*, *Pucker Up*, *Bad Attitude*, *Paramour*, and *Masquerade*.



Michele Serchuk

Leanne Franson had no trouble finding the inspiration for her illustration of "Undertow" (page 38). "Undertow is very well written and one of the most insightful and profound views of sex and how it fits into our lives that I've seen in a long time. I loved the different expressions of her sexuality with the different partners and the positive association with 'smart-ass bottom.'" Leanne is a bi-dyke living and working in Montreal. She is best known for her self-published comic 'zine starring her bi-dyke character "Liliane." Liliane now stars in a new book, *Teaching Through Trauma*.



Leanne Franson

"I love to take pictures of my friends and I was excited to submit these snapshots for the story on play piercing," says **Darlene Weide** of the How-To photo on page 46. "The piercing scenes were brought into *sharp* focus and I felt *prickly* all over. I enjoyed the *hole* experience!" Darlene is a San Francisco-based photographer and director of the films *SWITCH* and *Kinky Pinkier*. Over the years she's created a stimulating collection of photos of kink communities.



Darlene Weide

MICHELE SERCHUK BY J.B. LINDHOM / PEGGY MUNSON BY MEL BLANDINO / JOAN NESTLE BY KATHRYN KIRK

from the editor



DAVID JOHNSON

Here I am with my face in the luscious ass of porn star Jewel Valmont at the Consumer Electronics show in Las Vegas.

Hello, faithful readers! So it's only my second issue as editor of **On Our Backs**, and I am doing my best to shake things up. According to our reader surveys, letters, and my conversations with women all over the country, you want more explicit pictorials. Until I became editor, I didn't know just how tricky a request that was. You see, unfortunately, we cannot show actual penetration in any photo or illustration. It can be implied, hidden by a hand or a shadow, but never overtly represented. Why?

Well, it's a very complicated issue. First, there are few printers in this country who will print images of penetration or what is termed explicit pornography; obviously, there are printers who print *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, and other hard-core magazines, but those magazines have big budgets, deep pockets, and multiple titles. Because **On Our Backs** is small, black and white, and bi-monthly, we work with printers who have different standards. Second, we are faced with complex distribution issues. We want to be on as many newsstands as possible and especially where lesbians will find us. If we ignored penetration issues, we would be polybagged (in a plastic bag with only the masthead showing) and placed in the adult section with other hard-core titles or behind the counter, as opposed to being displayed with other lesbian publications. We would also probably lose some of our retailers and distributors because of the varying local obscenity laws and so-called "community standards."

So, you see, it is certainly a challenge to have hot, sexy, explicit, raunchy sex photos while skirting "the penetration issue." But you know I love a challenge, and I'm going to meet this one head on. Let's begin with Contributing Editor Cindy Patton's video review column. It seems Cindy was so inspired by my foray into anal penetration in my video *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women*, that she dedicated her entire column to butt-sex pornos. Ah, Cindy—a girl after my own heart. And speaking of beating organs, wait 'til you see the fun, frisky twist on the powerful doctor-patient relationship. Our cover and centerfold divas this issue are Dr. Brennan and Nurse Nellie, an outrageous pair who give a whole new meaning to the traditional medical exam. Models Kelly and Carla and Adventure Boydyke Tracy Napier explore erotic encounters at sex shops—one a gay male peep show and the other a sexy stripper joint.

In addition to all this salacious smut, at **On Our Backs** we are committed to exploring serious, important issues within our community. I believe that one of the most complex, layered, and underexplored issues is the relationship between sex and class. We feel so strongly about this uncharted territory that we are dedicating two issues to it. The sex and class feature is a must-read roundtable of seven diverse, articulate, courageous women. We hope the intimate disclosure of these seven will spark more discussion, debate, and dialogue on the subject.

P.S. Don't forget about our big redesign; it begins in the next issue with a whole new look for the magazine, new departments, and racy new pictorials.

With lube and affection,

Tristan Taormino

Tristan Taormino, editor



Lashes by Sarah

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hand-crafted
cats and floggers

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Tristan Taormino
on becoming the editor of
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and giving the girls
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PORN RESURRECTION

I was a regular reader of the old **On Our Backs** and was sad to see it go. I'm glad you have resurrected it. The photography is great, the models are real, the advice is valid, the fiction is hot, making yours by far the best adult publication on the market today.

Jerry Guidoint
Brockport, New York

PHOOEY ON PENISES

We are not big fans of all the penises in **On Our Backs** and believe that women can use what they have, namely their fingers, to get themselves off, without artificial substitutes. Our favorite couple, looking back at the last year, was Nikki and Andrea in *Hotel Hoochie* (April/May 1999). That Nikki has a great body! Keep up the good work.

Rene Crawford
[city withheld], New Jersey

OBJECTIFYING TRANS

I think Cindy missed the major distinction between the videos by Christopher Lee (loved Lee's pictorial by the way) and the other videos she reviewed in her video review column (October/November 1999). This distinction is that these people are making movies for their own communities rather than using them as objects for other people's fantasies the way that porn featuring transwomen tends to do. Cindy's references to transwomen also border on insulting.

Emilia
Los Angeles, California

SEXY STRIPPERS

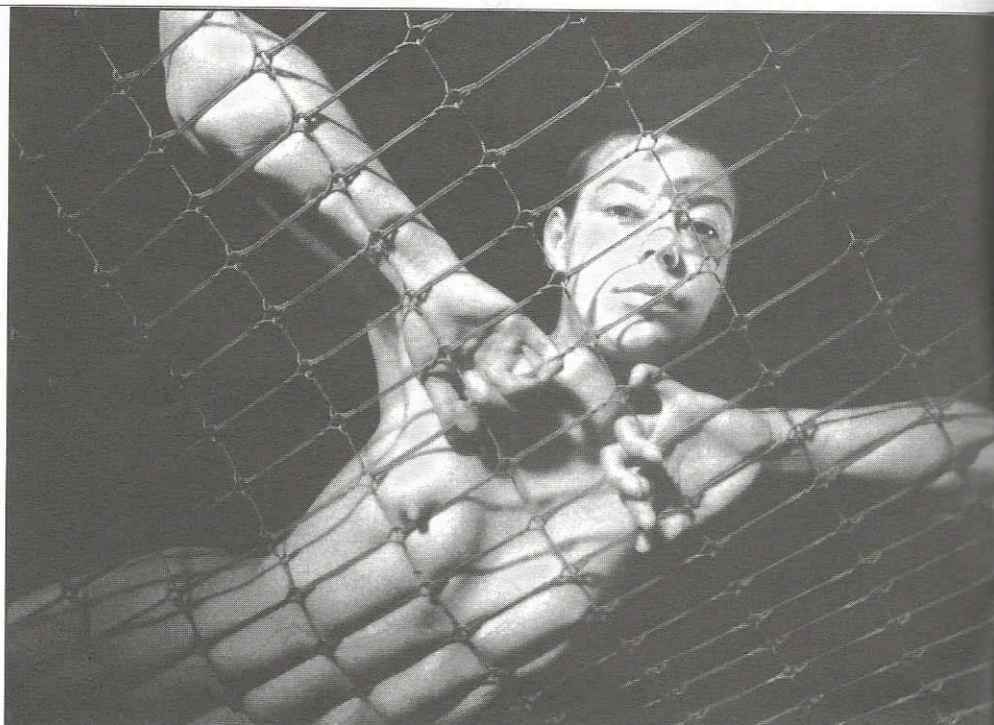
I'd love to see your magazine do an article on the hottest strip joints and go-go bars. Keep up the good work with your magazine.

Beth
Via the Internet

Check out our peepshow spread on page 32. Kelly and Carla are bound to make you hot!

TOUGHER TITTIES

I would like to comment on the advice that Nina Hartley *didn't* offer to the "no tough titties" question in the October/November 1999 issue. There are actually several things you can do! (1) Start taking vitamin E: 400 units 4 times a day (2) Apply 1 capsule of vitamin E oil directly to your nipples before getting dressed (3) Let your nipples air out every day (4) Stop using soap on your nipples (5) Apply lanolin to your nipples (6) If you swim, make sure you put lanolin on before you hit the pool and take your suit off right away when you're done (7) Change your laundry detergent or wash



your bras by hand in no-scent, no-dye detergent (8) Cut out the sugar or cut down until you heal. Take extra protein and vitamin C.

Anne, Kinky Midwife
Via the Internet

DIRTY DIANA

Oh baby... I loved the photos of "Diana in Lace" in the December/January 2000 issue. Finally, a pictorial of a sexy-looking older woman that is done with taste and grace. What a nice ass! You tend to lose us middle-age readers with all the peeing, SM, bondage, cutting, and piercing.

Susan
Clearwater, Florida

Kudos for the "Diana in Lace" spread by Danielle Troiano and Maxine Gibeau. Diana is easily one of the top 10 pin-ups since 1940! Simple and gorgeous.

Roy
San Francisco, California

The "Diana in Lace" spread hosted the most eye-pleasing woman I think I have ever seen! If that is what they offer in the north, then I sure would love to have her warm me up! If you could just get some more tasty women like that in your issues I would be a very happy lesbian. Thanks for the thrills.

Happy Lez
Via the Internet

PERVERTED—WHO, US?

The December/January 2000 issue is my personal favorite. Keep up the great perversion your magazine delivers.

Name Withheld
Via the Internet

ON A SHORT LEASH

I really liked the photos of Tan and Anna by Michelle Serchuk (December/January 2000). I especially like Anna with her corset and stockings and the way she holds that leash! Anna knows how to use that leash, I'm sure (not that Tan needs any guiding to where the good stuff is). Keep up the good work.

Beth
Via the Internet

ADDICTED TO PORN

I say kudos to the writer of the outstanding child pornography story in your December/January 2000 issue. The article was articulate, well-written, and to the point. I would also like to warn you about the addiction to pornography. Pornography can be quite stimulating. However, the use of it can also become addictive, leading to peeping toms, public flashing, sexual assault, and child molestation. I should know; I was addicted to pornography, but luckily it never reached the point where I was doing any of the sick behavior I mentioned.

Anonymous
Via the Internet

BUTCH BONANZA

Please, please, please, continue to put hot, studly butch women like Alexi in your publication. I feel certain that I will dream of her tonight, in her leather and strapping gear, putting her piercing on a few choice piercings of my own!

Hulda
Memphis, Tennessee

TALK TO US SWEET, TALK TO US DIRTY.

Send your letters via e-mail to letters@onourbacksmag.com, via fax to 415-648-4705, or write **On Our Backs** Magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

Passing at a Gay Peepshow

by Tracy Napier

I'd always wanted to go into one of those triple-X video booths and jack off. Wearing my usual jeans, T-shirt, boots, and baseball cap, I blended in with the guys in the neighborhood. So I decided to give it a shot. I'm sure no one noticed me take that deep breath to work up my nerve. I wanted anonymous entry, a quick orgasm, and anonymous exit.

Despite my clear goals, my nervousness caused me to browse the shelves instead of going straight to the booths. A jerk between my legs finally inspired a wave of courage. I walked to the counter and confidently asked for some tokens. The guy asked me how many I needed, and I panicked. I don't know, I thought. How long do they last? Is there a minimum? Can I cash them in if it only takes me 30 seconds to come?

I spit out, "Five bucks, please."

With my confidence shaken, but my horniness unabated, I stepped up to the door marked Viewing Rooms, and pulled it open.

I made out a few figures standing around, and directly across from me I spied an empty booth. The dark, unfamiliar surroundings and the shadowy figures were delivering another blow to my fading boldness. I couldn't hesitate another second or I'd turn around, only to be back out in the store, hard as a rock with no chance for relief. I forced myself to walk straight for the open booth. Pulling the door closed behind me, I realized that the handle was broken, and the door wouldn't shut all the way. Going back out to the darkness was not an option, so I thought, Fuck it. It was no big deal if it was open just a crack. After all, I had my back to it, no one could see what I was doing, and we were all doing the same thing anyway.

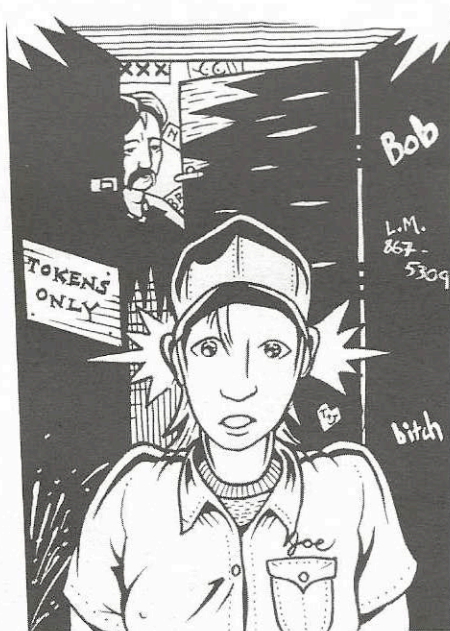
Finally I began to plug tokens into the slot. Just as I was slipping my hand into my pants I heard, "Hey, what are you looking for? You want a blowjob?" My hand jumped right back out of my jeans. I turned around to find an older man stepping into my booth. I stepped forward to force him out, said "No thanks," and pulled the door as closed as it would get. Before I could put two more tokens in the machine another guy was opening the door and making offers. "No, no thanks," I said, stopping him before he could get inside. All

this attention was quite surprising and definitely a big turn on, but really I just wanted to stroke my rock-hard cock all by myself in my little booth.

Moments later the first guy was back. He had a foot inside before I could turn around to stop him.

"Come on, please let me give you a blowjob," he asked again.

"No really, it's okay," I replied, not wanting to get into the details of why he couldn't give me the kind of blowjob he thought he could. He persisted.



"I'll give you 20 bucks. Let me suck you off." That caught me by surprise and I almost started laughing just at the craziness of the situation, but I stifled it and just said no again.

"Well then, what do you want? Tell me."

"Nothing, really. Thanks anyway. I just want to be by myself."

He was fully inside the booth with me now, and even though I was backed up against one of the walls, he was still only inches from me. He wouldn't give up.

"Well, then at least let me watch you jerk off, please." I couldn't believe how dedicated this guy was to seeing me come. It felt good, but it

was beginning to seem that the only way I'd be left alone was if I revealed to him that I wasn't the kind of boy he thought I was.

"I won't touch if you don't want—just let me watch," he pleaded.

"No," I shook my head.

"Why won't you let me watch you?" There it was, the moment of truth. I hesitated for a second, then started to tell it like it was.

"Because...Ummmm," I looked down, hiding behind my baseball cap, hesitating again, "'cause I'm not really a guy." There, I said it. It pained me, but at least this guy would go away and I could continue jerking off like I'd wanted to do in the first place. But he didn't go away; he stood there looking confused. Then he realized what was going on.

"Ohhhhhhh, I get it. Wow, this hasn't been done since—" And he went on to tell me about so-and-so infiltrating the baths back in the sixties. Although it could have been a much worse reaction, I was losing my patience, not to mention my tokens, and I really didn't want to chat with him about the larger implications of genderfucking. I cut him off, apologized, explained that it hadn't been my intention to fool anybody, and ushered him out of my cubicle. He was quite nice about the whole thing and offered me some advice as he left:

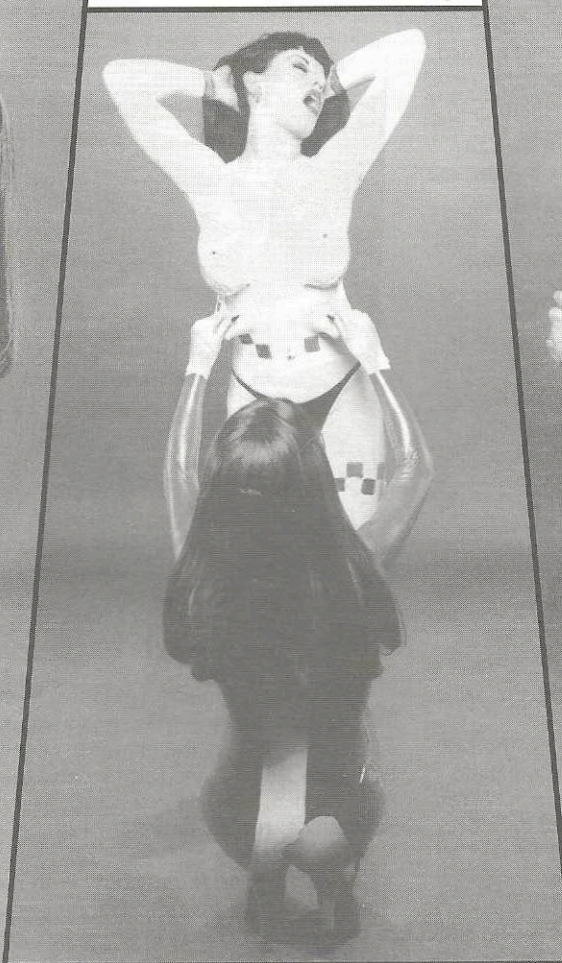
"Here's a hint: if you don't want any attention, lock the door. You were asking for it."

"But...but..." I tried to explain to him that the door handle was broken, that I'd tried to do it right, but he just walked away. And as my eyes followed him out the door I noticed that several inches above the broken door handle was a fully functioning lock. I quickly locked my door and turned around to enjoy the sight of two muscled mechanics with their pants around their knees and their cocks in their hands. I came hard, watching the screen and thinking about some guy on his knees in front of me, my hand on the back of his head, my cock sliding over his soft lips, and a crumpled 20 dollar bill stuffed in my pocket.

Every issue, *Adventure Girl* sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail editorial@onourbacksmag.com

Liquid Latex Land

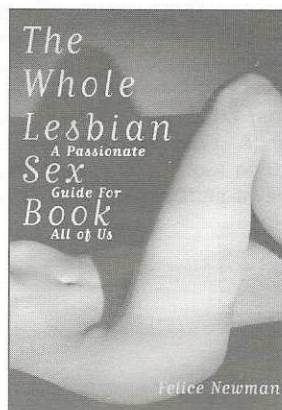
When Tara and Audrey got dressed to go to their local fetish event, they couldn't help but get distracted by each other's outfits. Watching Audrey paint the liquid latex over her hardened nipples gave Tara the shivers. As Tara brushed the liquid over her own labia, Audrey knew they would never make it out of the house. Before long, they were tearing away at each other. **Im**



Photography by Trisha Leeper



Courtesy of Deviant
www.liquidlatex.net



The Whole Lesbian Sex Book

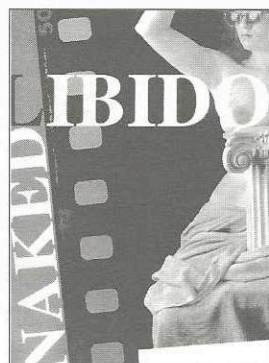
Felice Newman
(Cleis Press)

The Whole Lesbian Sex Book is an exquisitely crafted book combining the most contemporary information from a plethora of sexperts. It has everything from personal testimonials from a wide variety of women to lists of myths on each subject that challenge deeply held stereotypes. The entries are all presented in a humorous, non-judgmental, sexy fashion. If you think you're an old dog who can't learn new tricks, this book will show you that you are wrong! It offers up many sensual, sex-positive ideas that could spice up any sex life, including the one you have with yourself. Whether you need to keep abreast of the newest safe-sex information, spice up your relationship, or investigate the wonderful (who, me biased?) world of SM, this is the encyclopedia of lesbian sex that every good girl needs in her library. **hd**
Grade:

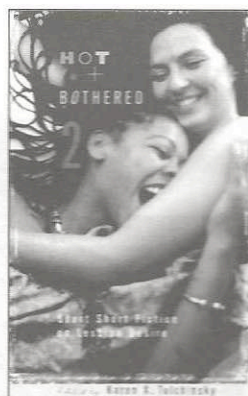
Naked Libido

Marianna Beck
(Libido)

There is definitely a variety in the styles of the three photographers featured in *Naked Libido*. Eugene Zakuailo's pieces are very well-developed, some even beautiful. Nonetheless, I was not very taken with the way he uses inanimate objects such as eggs, paper, and boxes. Ralph



Steinmeier's photographs, although beautifully rendered, made me feel as though my intelligence was being tested. His photographs aren't very imaginative, let alone a turn-on. However, Trevor Watson—oooooooooh-wee—grasps the aestheticism of erotica so completely that I could not stop looking at his photos. While Zakuailo uses humor in his photos, Watson uses raw sexual energy. Looking at his photos drove my body into a hot, sex-crazed frenzy. Watson's photos deserve a book on their own. **lk**
Grade:



Hot and Bothered 2: Short Short Fiction on Lesbian Desire

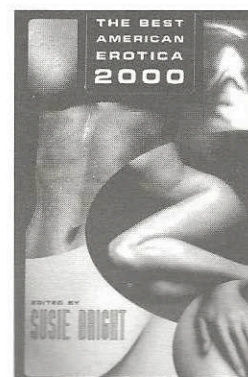
Karen X. Tulchinsky, ed.
(Arsenal Pulp Press)

The second edition of *Hot and Bothered* is just as sexy as the first, with short stories about everything from sensuous breakfasts to a wild gal named Corn Fed. Zero in on Zonna's "Bottoms Up"—I dare you to stop laughing! There are also some classics here, such as Joan Nestle's "The Bathroom Line," about living through the homophobic rules of the 1950s, and Cecilia Tan's "Penetration." The stories flow together nicely and keep up a steady pace of sex (though not all of it XXX-rated). Many authors focus on nuances of lesbian desire: longing, fulfillment, and loss. These stories are not only hot, but carefully crafted to feel longer than they are, economizing on words while maximizing sensation. They are saucy and fun, with contributions from favorite writers such as Carol Queen, Jewelle Gomez, and Lesléa Newman (her "Got Milk?" is the last, and cutest, entry) as well as plenty of fabulous new writers. It will leave you hot, bothered, and eager for more. **rkb**
Grade:

Best American Erotica 2000

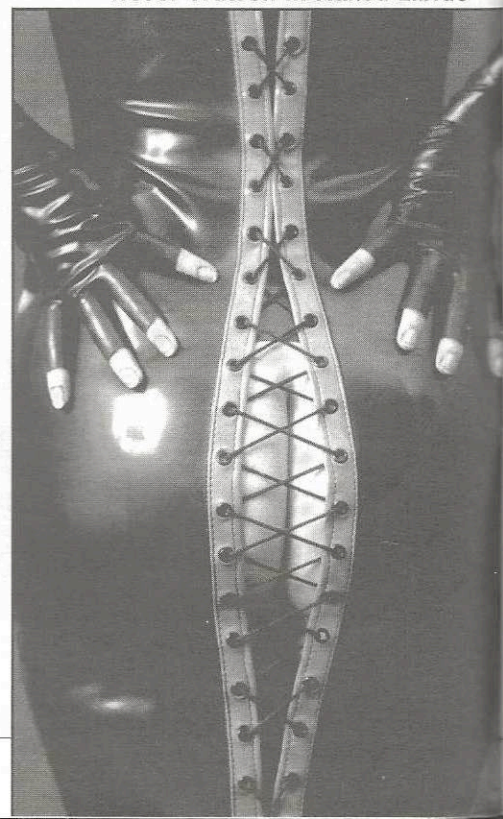
Susie Bright, ed.
(Simon and Schuster)

Susie Bright has done it again: these stories practically spark off the page. It's almost a dis-



service to classify these as erotica—not because the erotic genre doesn't deserve respect, but because these are both erotica *and* literature. You'll want to read stories such as "Midsummer of Love," a tour through the the eyes of a gay hippie, and the wickedly fun "S&M" over and over. You can't forget Michelle Tea's "Ten Seconds to Love," about losing it to Mötley Crüe. "Somewhere I Have Never Traveled" and "Rebecca" are so bizarrely odd and entertaining that there is just no way to describe them. Just when these authors seem like they're only interested in having a good time, they zing the reader with incredibly real observations about love and lust. These stories radiate heat, and will take you on some wild sexual adventures: with hot manicures, sexy librarians, and naughty bosses, what's not to like? **rkb**
Grade:

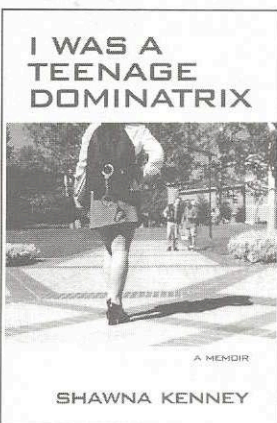
Trevor Watson in Naked Libido



I Was a Teenage Dominatrix

Shawna Kenney
(Retro Systems)

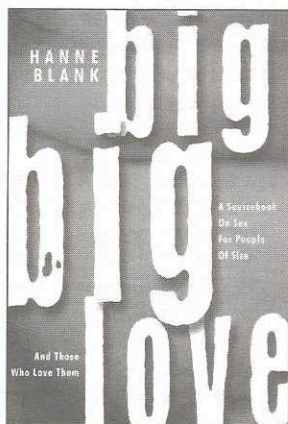
In *I Was a Teenage Dominatrix*, Shawna Kenney details how she became involved in professional domination, taking us step by step through all of the experiences that led up to it and how she learned the trade. It is fascinating to follow her as she learns all the tricks of the trade (how to prepare to give a golden shower, how to save face, how to balance sex work with friends and school, etc.). But I began to loosen my grip when she begins to refer to the customers that she dominates as freaks. Hello! She constantly talks about how she gets off on having all this power over these men and enjoys the control and strength that she gets from this role, but refuses to recognize that this can be the same for the bottoms, that bottoms can feel equally powerful. What starts as a promising personal narrative about how accessible domination can be ends up offending the bottom in me. If being a bottom means being a freak, I am happy to be one. Im Grade:  



Big Big Love

Hanne Blank
(Greenery Press)

Big Big Love manages to touch on an enormous number of issues ranging from sex resources for fat youth to how to screen health professionals. It offers smart retorts to fat-phobic people ("The wider the hip, the tighter the grip"), and includes an extensive list of books and organizations that are fat-friendly or fat-oriented. But my favorite part of the whole book (I have to admit that I am a sucker for practical how-to books) is the "Titillations and Tactics" section, which offers both an introduction to sex (sexual health, basic terminology, etc.) and actual how-to sex advice (creative positioning, "Bigger BDSM"). It is rare to find practical sex guides at all, let alone such an honest, direct guide that deals with the many issues that *Big Big Love* deals with. *Big Big Love* deems itself a sourcebook for people of size and those who love them, but that sells it short. It is a sourcebook on sex for everyone. Im Grade:     



Little Black Book

-  = Wash your hair instead.
-   = Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
-    = One-night-stand material.
-     = Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
-      = Better than sex.

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Sandra Bernhard

"I'M STILL HERE... DAMN IT!"

ON  AND 

Armed with material that took a downtown perspective uptown for her first Broadway show, Ms. Sandra rips into Courtney Love, Rosie O'Donnell, Mariah Carey and Fleetwood Mac, to name but a few of the people who fall victim to the hilariously honest cut of her tongue.

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Exploring Back Door Love

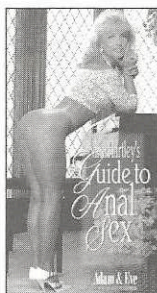
by Cindy Patton

The butt has a bad rap, with cultural taboos about its cleanliness; hack Freudian terms of derision, such as "You're so anal"; and the ever-popular insult "Asshole!" And yet it would seem that interest in pleasure from, ahem, "down there" is equally universal. So how do you get over your worries and get down to butt fun? Well, two how-to videos offer different approaches to thinking about anal pleasure (as opposed to anal sex—more on this distinction in a minute), and plenty of others just do it. But of course, any comprehensive look at butt play must begin with the film that broke the butt sex barrier.

Last Tango in Paris (MGM/UA, 1973)

Still quite a visual shocker, this controversial film by Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci grabbed Marlon Brando for a quickie between *Godfather* (1972) and *Godfather 2* (1974), and paired him with the barely 21 and extremely talented Maria Schneider in a film about the power and intimacy of anonymous sex. The steamy duo meet by accident when they check out the same vacant apartment. Reviewers still describe the film as the story of one man's decline into animal sexuality. But that only shows how ambivalent they are about anal sex: is it the zenith or nadir of human sexuality? If you must, you can fast forward through the emotional spiral and go straight to the sex scenes. One scene might easily be fisting (I've asked friends, gay and straight, and there is no consensus), but you can't escape the implication that they ultimately butt-fuck. Not as visually hard-core as the XXX shelf, but a real cinematic achievement of the early 1970s.

Grade:



Nina Hartley's Guide to Anal Sex (Adam & Eve, 1994)

No one could possibly complain about getting to see Nina Hartley in an extended scene, especially the first half in which she pleasures her girlfriend. Hartley provides a no-nonsense biology lesson at the beginning, complete with

useful diagrams of butthole physiology that clear up misconceptions about those little muscles that can tighten up and convince you that you've hit the end of the tunnel.

(Unlikely! It's either a little fear or a wrong turn, as Nina carefully demonstrates.) I was less fond of the four-way with the boys that occupies the last 10 or so minutes of the tape. It isn't that I mind penises, but the physiology discussion had emphasized that guys need to appreciate their own butts. In this four-way, however, the girls seemed to get most of the anal pleasure. Greedy is fine, but then who needs the boys?

Grade:

Caught From Behind #28

(Hollywood Video, 1998)

Nina Hartley doesn't appear in this video, but she has starred in earlier generations of this series, and her philosophical influence is clear. When I saw the first male star, I found the answer to a question I had had for a long time: paunchy, aging gay male porn stars don't retire, they just play bottoms in het videos. In the second scene, I hung in for a good four minutes waiting to solve the other question of our times: tranny boy or



baby Marine? The full-dick shot with the condom answers the question, but I still loved his delicate little feet. As for butt play: we get to see the boys taking dildos and pearls on a string. This more or less degenerated the butthole, unlike the disappointing ending to Nina's *Guide*, which poses the butthole as the "other" hole. If it weren't for the shaved pubes and massive breast jobs, I'd have thought this one was feminist!

Grade:

Let's Talk Anal

(Erotica SF, 1993)

One of several new products from the younger generation of sexy self-help video makers, this lacks the



frank anatomy lesson of the Hartley video, but the interviews (including one with Hartley) afford a rare peep inside the profession. The video also samples clips of the very best parts of several anal-pleasure videos, including an early *Caught From Behind* featuring Hartley as a naughty nurse. My very favorite part of *Let's Talk* is the extended interview with balding sweetie-pie, Jack Morin, the Betty Dodson of anal sex. He's the guy who developed the crucial distinction between anal pleasure (touching, licking, probing) and anal intercourse (*the Whole Thing*) that has enabled so many to progress so far down the road of unforeseen pleasures. His self-conscious but delicate and evocative hand gestures are as sexy as any of the carefully angled winking anus shots.

Grade:

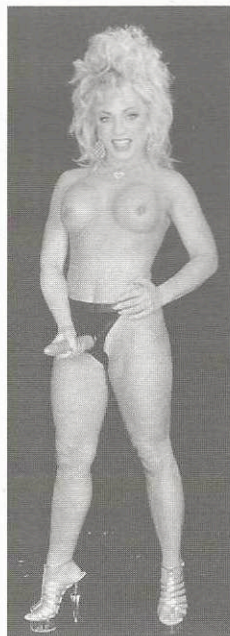
In Hot Pursuit

(Catalina, 1987)

No discussion of butt sex would be complete without mentioning gay porn. No shy straight boys worried about their manhood in this video—quite the contrary! In this classic, early Jeff Stryker vehicle, our protagonist writes fantasy stories to fulfill his queer desires—my favorite are the cowboy and the Foreign Legionnaire scenes. No one is afraid of his butthole here! Except...careful viewers will note that Jeff never "takes it." In the 1980s, Stryker did both gay and bi porn for Catalina, fucking both boys and girls. This led to rumors about his true sexuality. A decade later (after the creation of the Jeff Stryker dildo), he finally "came out" as gay and produced a very hot video in which he gets fucked for the first time. Who says there is no drama in Pornville?

Grade:

Let's Talk ANAL

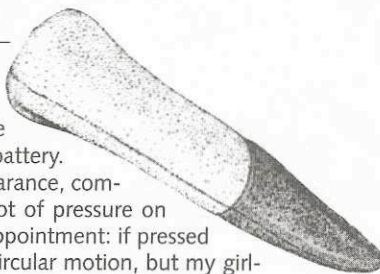


The Tongue II

(Xandria, \$54)

The box read "It's smaller and quieter, but with the same powerful lick." That made my girlfriend and I wonder just how big and loud it had been before! Not only was the Tongue II huge, it sounded like a car revving with a dead battery. I put off using the Tongue because of its frightening appearance, complete with huge dragon-like taste buds. If you enjoy a lot of pressure on your clit as I do (or even a little), you are in for a big disappointment: if pressed hard, the Tongue stops moving altogether. I enjoyed its circular motion, but my girlfriend had to finish the job. lk

Grade: 

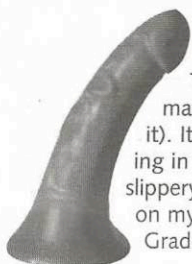


Angelo

(Babes N Horny, \$66)

This dildo is a work of art. It is the most brilliant red I have ever seen (conveniently matching the fuck-me red lipstick I wear to let my girlfriend know that she is in for it). It is very sturdy, with a broad base that serve as the perfect handle when engaging in heavy-duty fucking (there is nothing worse than trying to fuck someone with a slippery dick that offers nothing to grab onto). I would collect more of these to display on my mantelpiece alone, if they weren't also good to fuck with. lm

Grade: 

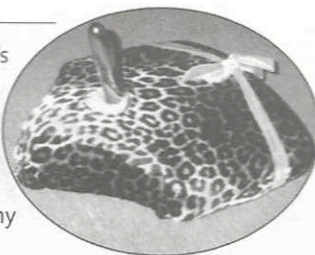


The Sex Saddle

(The Sex Saddle, \$49.95)

I was ready to ride and buck and ride some more to my heart's content on this dildo-packing saddle. Unfortunately, I have to say that it was not as sturdy as it should have been. It is basically a foam pillow (with a trendy leopard-print design, though, very cool looking) with a hole for the friendly fuckable dildo or vibrator of your choice. The saddle makes a great pillow for my bed but did not satisfy my cowgirl fantasies. mb

Grade: 



Bullhide Flogger

(Lashes by Sarah, \$145)

Beginners be warned: Not all Lashes by Sarah are gentle and sensual, and the bullhide flogger is definitely not for the faint of heart. Novices should start with the buttery deerskin, then the supple cowhide, before moving on to this leather lover. Like all of Sarah's whips, this heavy (but well-balanced) treasure is beautifully crafted out of top-quality leather and packs quite a thud—and a sting! tt

Grade: 



Libertitty Bells and Clear Suckerfish

(Adam and Gillian, \$20 and \$10)

The Libertitty Bells and the clear Suckerfish were sooo much fun to play with. Because they are clear, you can see exactly what damage you are causing (it was neat to watch the skin slowly turn purple the longer I left them on; just between you and me it hurts more that way). I especially liked the Libertitty Bells because they were easier to manipulate. I think I need a little more practice, though, because I ended up on the floor laughing as the suckerfish kept popping off my victim. lm

Grade: 



Little Black Book

-  = Wash your hair instead.
-  = Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
-  = One-night-stand material.
-  = Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
-  = Better than sex.

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THE DOCTOR IS

NINA



OVERDUE ORGASMS

I am a 44-year-old woman who enjoys self-pleasuring and masturbating. I also like having sex with other women, but don't get that too often. I used to be able to have an orgasm within 20 to 30 minutes, but I am having extreme difficulty even reaching that stage now. I'd like some advice on how to achieve orgasm for myself. I do like clitoral stimulation extensively but get a little tired of manual stimulation. Is there a good sexual aid that you recommend for clitoral stimulation? Also, what is the best device for vaginal insertion to reach my G-spot? Are there special positions that would help intensify clitoral stimulation? Also, when I'm fucking myself with a dildo, is there a position that would help to intensify that?

Well, for clitoral stimulation, nothing beats a vibrator! There are so many different kinds on the market—plug-in, battery operated, dual action. My personal favorite is the Hitachi Magic Wand, but it may be too strong for you, especially if this is your first vibrator. Your best bet is to go to a local sex toy store and try out the display models to see the range of vibration available. For G-spot stimulation, curved dildos and vibrators are designed to hit the spot. Toys in Babeland and other stores carry vibes such as the g-spotter and nubby g which should definitely do the trick. For more tips on effective masturbation, check out Betty Dodson's books and videos. She'll tell you all you need to know. Keep on coming!

RAPE FANTASY

My girlfriend has a fantasy of me handcuffing her to a fence and forcefully raping her. I have always prided myself on being a very open individual who is willing to try anything. I just don't know if I can do what she has asked. This is a very touchy subject with me.

Lucky you! You have an opportunity to tap into your own power and aggression with a consenting partner. There are lots of books on SM. Start with the ones for beginners, as they will explain some of the emotional basis for such

play. If you've never thought of yourself as a "top" before, you'll be well advised to find out if you have the potential (you may find out that you don't, and that's okay). You'll also find out, in the books, more about the mind/emotions of the "bottom", i.e., your girlfriend. Coming to Power is a classic of lesbian SM and well worth the read. Pat Califia is also an important author to check out. Don't rush here; it's new and delicate territory. The fact that your girlfriend trusted you enough to share her fantasy with you is great. Start by talking about the fantasy during the sex that you have now. Start playing with control and power in little ways. Give yourself time and permission to explore this rich sexual specialty. P.S. It took me several years, but now I love helping a woman with her rape fantasies. Good luck!

CLOSETED PERVERT

I'm a 33-year-old professional and mother of a son. On the outside, I seem very vanilla and reserved, but my heart and soul screams something more. I've been with my partner for almost four years, and I am tired of our moderately satisfying, but ultimately boring sex life. I fantasize about anal sex, SM, BD, couples, groups and even... (gasp!) men! I'm so afraid to approach her with the full extent of my adventurous spirit. I've told her some things and she has tried, but she only knows the tip of the iceberg. She jokingly calls me a freak! I'm embarrassed and I don't want her to lose respect for her "pillar of the community" wife.

Hmm, you are in a very delicate situation. On the one hand is your expanding awareness of your sexual nature, often hidden from us until our 30s. The pull of your desires is strong and understandable. You have every right to explore and own them. On the other hand there are the consequences of sharing the extent of your desires with your partner, and your fear and uncertainty of her reaction. Remember you don't have to live out all of your fantasies in order to benefit erotically from them. A next step might be to share your fears and concerns with her. Give her an

opportunity to be accepting and supportive. She has an inkling that something is up. Keep in mind her fears also. Will she lose you to new desires? Some potential opening lines might be: "Honey, I'm scared and I don't know what to do. I'm having all these wild fantasies and I want to find out more about them," or "I need your help; this new erotic world is pulling me and I don't want to do it alone." She may be able to go there with you, or she may not. The most difficult thing for you will be to decide, after some major soul searching, what you will do if she cannot or will not. Speaking from experience, such needs must be addressed and satisfied (at least partially), or they will get stronger. Only you can determine if a life of less-than-satisfying sex (and its long-term effect on intimacy) is more important to you than becoming at peace with your sexual truth (with all the turmoil and upheaval that comes with that). You are in an exciting and scary time of growth and change. Be gentle with yourself. Seek support as you navigate these turbulent waters.

HERPES SCHMERPES

My friend told me that she has genital herpes. I like her very much and would like to have a relationship with her. Can you help me out by telling me how we would go about having sex?

Congratulations on finding someone you like so much! Exploring new partners is exciting and wonderful. Your friend should talk to her doctor and get the latest information on genital herpes. While people with genital herpes are not contagious all the time, she can transmit it to you through sexual contact when she is having an outbreak. In some cases, you could become infected by her even when she is asymptomatic (like just before or after an outbreak). There are new medications and treatments which can help keep her outbreaks under control. It is probably best for the two of you to practice safer sex. For starters, you'll need latex gloves, lube, and dental dams for cunnilingus. If you haven't yet had sex, I'd suggest lying next to her and kissing, hugging, making eye contact and talking while your hands explore each other's bodies. This is a good way to get to know each other. Take it slow and educate yourselves on her condition.

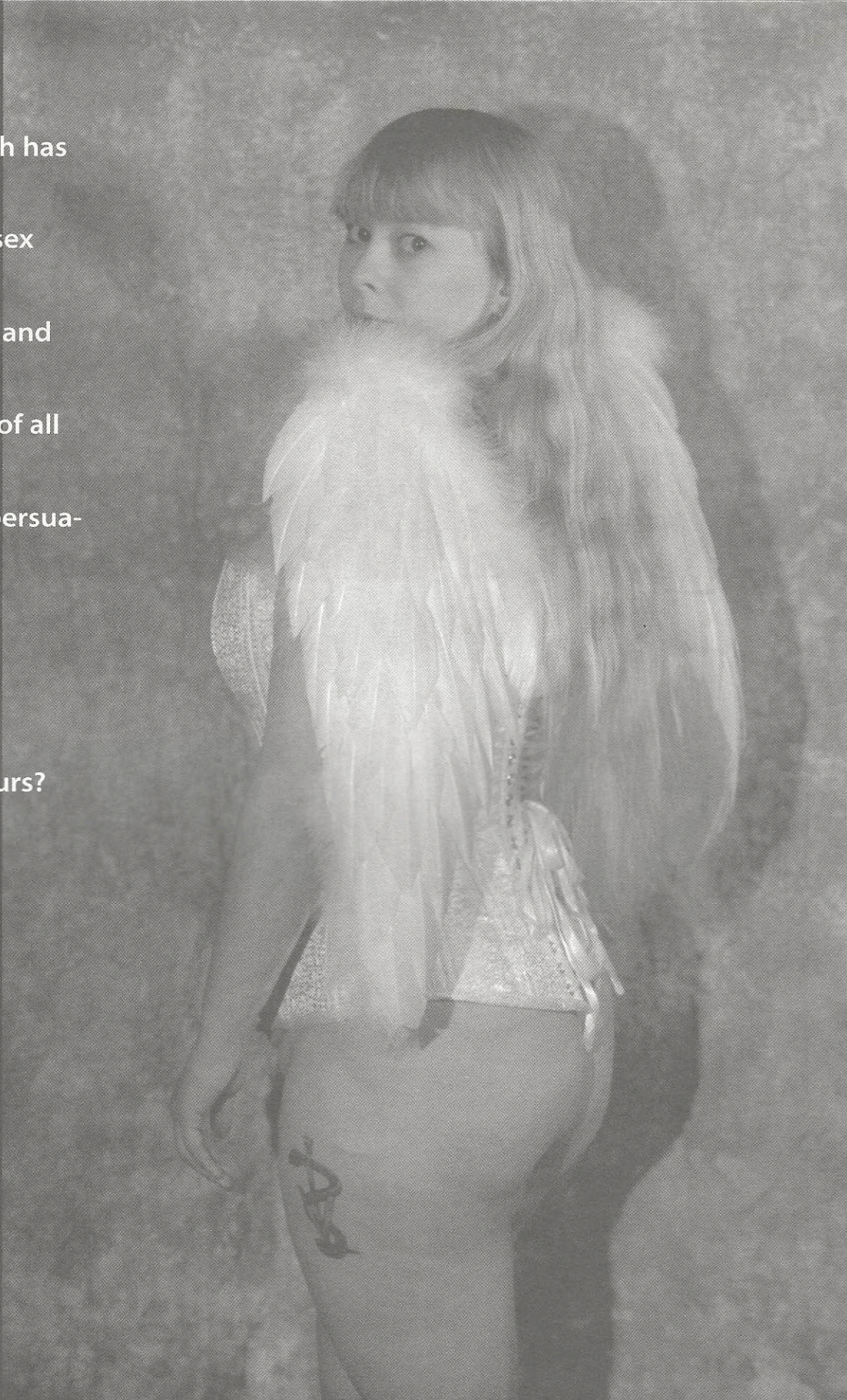
Nina Hartley is a porn star and registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Fax: 415-648-4705; mail: Dear Nina, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com

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catching katharine in the ACT

Photography by Michele Serchuk

Name: Katharine

Age: 25

Where she's from: New York City

Status: Single

Identity: Lesbian

Sex-act she cannot live without:
"Masturbation!"

What makes her wet: "When I listen to amazing music, particularly driving music that builds and swells, not only do my brain and ears respond to it, but my sensory system responds as well. A good example of this is "Liebestod" from Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*. The pulsating rhythm and building tonality and volume make my clit hard. I swell, and I swell inside and out until I burst at the musical climax."

What dries her out: "Mudflap hairdos, Melissa Etheridge, Pachelbel's *Canon*, mediocrity, nipple clamps, bad kissing, insincerity."

Ideal sexual adventure: "A really gorgeous androgynous dyke would walk across the dance floor in a night club, grab my wrists, kiss me, and shove her hands in my shirt. Then she would lead me to the basement and take full advantage of me."

Food representing her best sex ever: "There is this fruit that, on the inside, is like pineapple, coconut, and banana with a grainy texture and black seeds. It is succulent and rich, and makes you lick it up. It spills down your chin and gets all over you, but that is okay."

About the shoot: "I am proud of having done this because it is important for women to feel comfortable enough with their own bodies and sexual responses to be able to do what I did. I was surprised that I could jerk off in front of so many people."

Styling by Tietjen

Shot on location at Ruggles Books
(Flare, Used, and Out-of-Print Books)
Brooklyn, NY ruggles1@ix.netcom.com

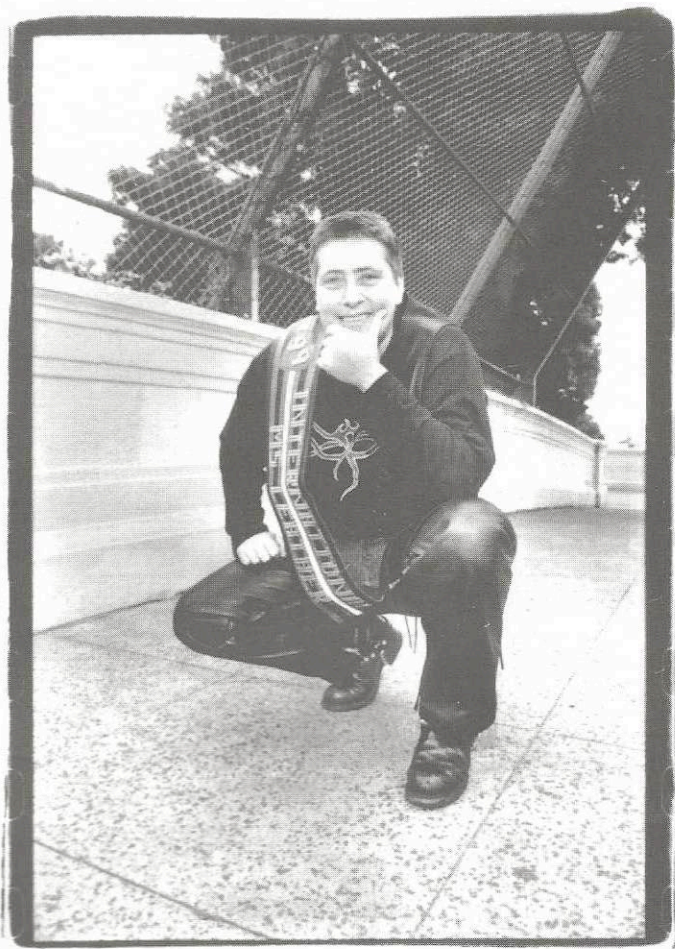
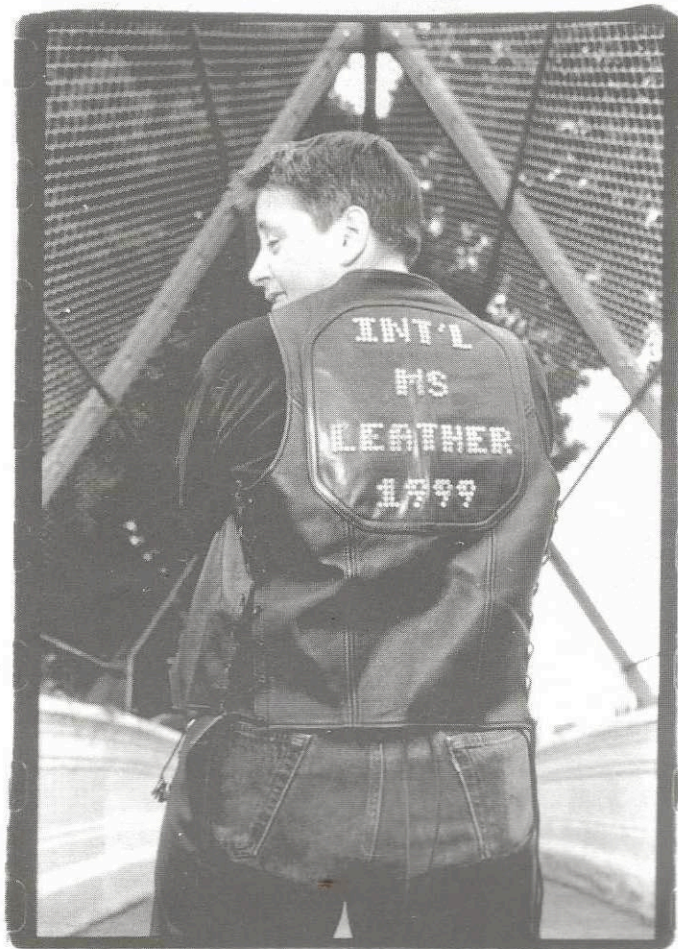








the on our backs interview



Pam Meyer, International Ms. Leather 1999

by Tristan Taormino
photography by Beverly Paet

At the International Ms. Leather Contest in Las Vegas in July, 40-year-old Pam Meyer, Ms. San Francisco Leather, was named International Ms. Leather 1999 (IMSL). Born and raised in the Bay Area, she lives in San Francisco with her partner of three years and has worked as a construction foreman for 20 years. She's a Taurus whose favorite hanky is red (on the left), and she has three sisters who are all lesbians. A cancer survivor who lost a partner to AIDS, Pam considers herself to be a very Old Guard leatherdyke. Shortly after meeting her at the International contest, we spoke on the phone about the SM community,

and her plans during her reign as International Ms. Leather.

OnOurBacks: How did you get into SM? What's your "coming out into leather" story?

Pam Meyer: Well, coming out into leather and coming out into SM are sort of two different phases for me. I've identified as a dyke all my life. I came out into leather in 1976. I was in a straight biker gang—the CC Riders. This was the seventies and being straight or gay was not an issue. They were a great group of people that started Toys for Tots in their region and raised money for kids and those less fortunate; they were and still are a very compassionate

group of people. One's sexuality was not an issue, at least as far as this particular club was concerned. I was the only dyke—they couldn't help but take me in.

OOB: And when and how did you come out into SM?

PM: In 1978, I was with this woman who was about 10 years older than me. We were fist-fucking by then, but I didn't consider it SM—I just knew it felt really good. My first experiences with sex were fisting and bondage. For me that was natural sex. So when vanilla sex would happen, I thought that something was missing. I did not feel satisfied. There is some-

thing about a women's fist up inside you; I felt very warm and secure. I had never had a sexual relationship with a man, so when my partner brought home a dildo I thought, "What the hell is she going to do with that?" She was a very creative woman to say the least. SM sex was a natural feeling for me. I am fulfilled [by it] emotionally, physically, and spiritually.

OOB: Since you brought that up, what do you think of the hip-ifying of SM and the fact that symbols of SM have been co-opted by the mainstream fashion industry?

PM: That's one of the best questions you could ask. As someone who has come from Old School, the Old Guard, it wasn't hip when I was doing it. I think it's great that it's more accepted now as long as we're getting a positive image of it in people's minds. Because it is a fad, at least in the eyes of the mainstream, I think it has become more acceptable and it's not looked upon as violent or nonconsensual. Because it's a fad, it's a great advertisement for the SM community, but it's all the fashion without education. Along with the glorification of it, I think there should be education also. People who are doing SM now are forgetting where it originated. There were people before them that were doing SM, and we got a lot of shit for it. I mean, back then, it was the seventies. Most women were doing the granola thang; I was doing the leather thang. I was thought of as a rebel type, an outlaw, and a scary human. Now those women want me to fuck them.

OOB: I want to take you back to the Ms. San Francisco Leather Contest on June 11. What made you decide to run?

PM: I didn't decide to run until three days before the contest. The reason I ran was because I saw how much the contest and women's interest and involvement has diminished in the community. I wanted to go back to the origin of what these contests were about. It wasn't about a sash—I didn't run for a sash—I ran to have my voice heard.

OOB: What was the San Francisco contest like?

PM: It was enlightening for me. For personal reasons, I had been out of the scene for the last three years, and I was very surprised to see what kind of "scene" there was out there. I was surprised at the lack of involvement. For the contest, we had one other contestant, and that was partly why I also ran, because I just couldn't see one person running to represent San Francisco in the International contest. I wanted to have men and women work together again. I was tired of the separatism in the community, and I was also tired of the disrespect of the community as a whole—forgetting where our roots come from. I felt like a lot of the women who were involved in the community early on who started this, who were the trail blazers, were forgotten about, and I was

very unhappy about that. When people did find out that I was running for Ms. San Francisco Leather, we had faces show up at that contest that hadn't been to a contest in five years. I think people felt enthusiastic and were excited again that somebody was running who actually had a goal and wanted to say something. I ran because I really wanted to honor the people that have been involved over the years, to say thank you and say, "The Old Guard is still here, and we still have our beliefs and this hasn't turned into just a fad."

OOB: At IMsL, in your speech, you spoke out against barebacking [having unprotected sex] in the community. I felt like that was incredibly provocative and controversial. Usually anyone who's a public figure or running for a contest or an office tends to stay in the middle of the road.

PM: Exactly. People don't want to really say how they feel because they're afraid that they're going to offend somebody, stir up controversy. That's what I am about. I feel like the only way we're going to get something across is to say it. These are my views. I realize they're not everybody's views, but if we don't speak up, how are we going to create change? I had the opportunity to use my voice. Whether I was going to win IMsL or not, I was going to put out my agenda and my platform. I expected to get a lot of grief and crap. They are not the views of everyone, but they're my views and my views are important. I've been a caretaker for a lot of my friends with AIDS. I lost a partner to AIDS. I chose to speak out because I am angry about the people I've lost. I realize that the health crises that face our community are from a lack of education. I invite people to come to me and challenge me on my position. I feel like if we have a choice to protect ourselves and give ourselves a healthy life—when so many people didn't have that option—we need to make the right choices for ourselves. People we've lost didn't have choices, and we do. I believe barebacking is a choice, but don't support it as a choice.

OOB: Do you feel like you have a specific platform or agenda and plans for your year as IMsL?

PM: I believe my platform is to honor the women that have come before us, to learn from past IMsLs. The old and the new have to come together; we really do need that bridge of the generations, where we can walk across, meet in the middle. I would like to see more women from all over the world communicate with each other to learn about the differences between their communities, and to travel to many parts of the world to pass on the knowledge I have, to encourage others to become involved in the process of making history.

OOB: Some critics would say that the contest system has devolved into a popularity contest



Most women were doing the granola thang; I was doing the leather thang. I was thought of as a rebel type, an outlaw, and a scary human. Now those women want me to FUCK them.

that's not really judged fairly; that it's all about community politics and a big show. And it sounds like you encountered that firsthand at the San Francisco contest level. It sounds like you wanted to reinvigorate your local contest and remind people why we have leather contests in the first place. If we want to get back to the roots of leather contests, what were those? Why do you think contests started in the first place and what do you think is their significance in the community?

PM: Initially, I got involved in the leather movement to meet other people, find community, support each other. The men had contests first, and that was to have some kind of community leadership, and when the women's community started with IMsL, we also wanted leadership. I guess what I want to get back to is bringing people together to call ourselves a community again. We can be a diverse people. We can agree, we can not agree, we can see things differently, but how dare we call ourselves a community when we are so divided? I want to build us back into a community that we are excited about, not disillusioned about.

OOB: What is it like having three lesbian sisters? When did each of you come out and what is the reaction of your parents? Are any of the other sisters into SM? What do they think of you being IMsL?

PM: My family is very supportive of me. All four of us are gay, and they too have experienced SM in their relationships; they have been to IMsL in the past and one is even a past title holder. We talk a lot. Since the death of my mother, my father has also become more involved with all of us—as a matter of fact, he was in Las Vegas when I won the contest. He has shown his support of IMsL by supporting my choices as a leatherwoman. I have been graced by their presence. They are my big sisters and look out for me. Now that is a family.

HER FINGER ON MY PULSE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MICHELE SERCHUK

STYLING BY TIETJEN

SHOT ON LOCATION AT
PANDORA'S BOX, NEW YORK, NY

Nurse Nellie needed a check-up, and she knew just the butch to give it to her the way she liked it. Dr. Brennan made sure to cover every inch of the nurse with her strong, caring hands, paying special attention to Nellie's private parts. Nellie also had some examining of her own to do, and those latex gloves sure did come in handy.

—Im and tt



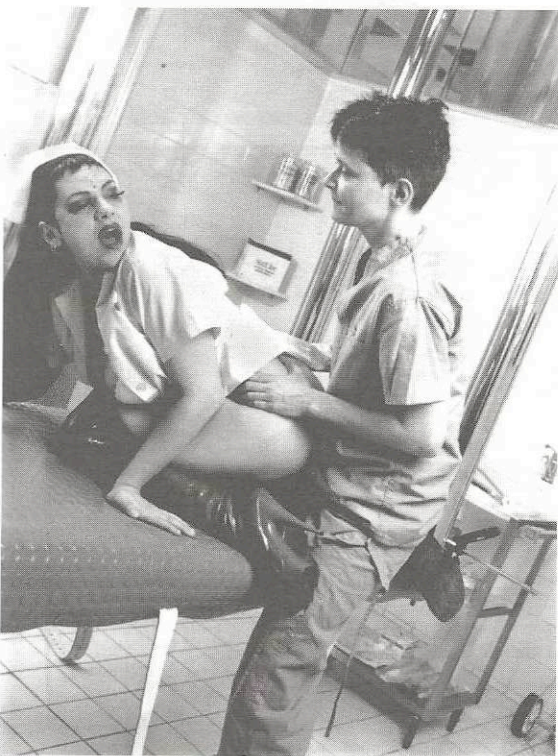
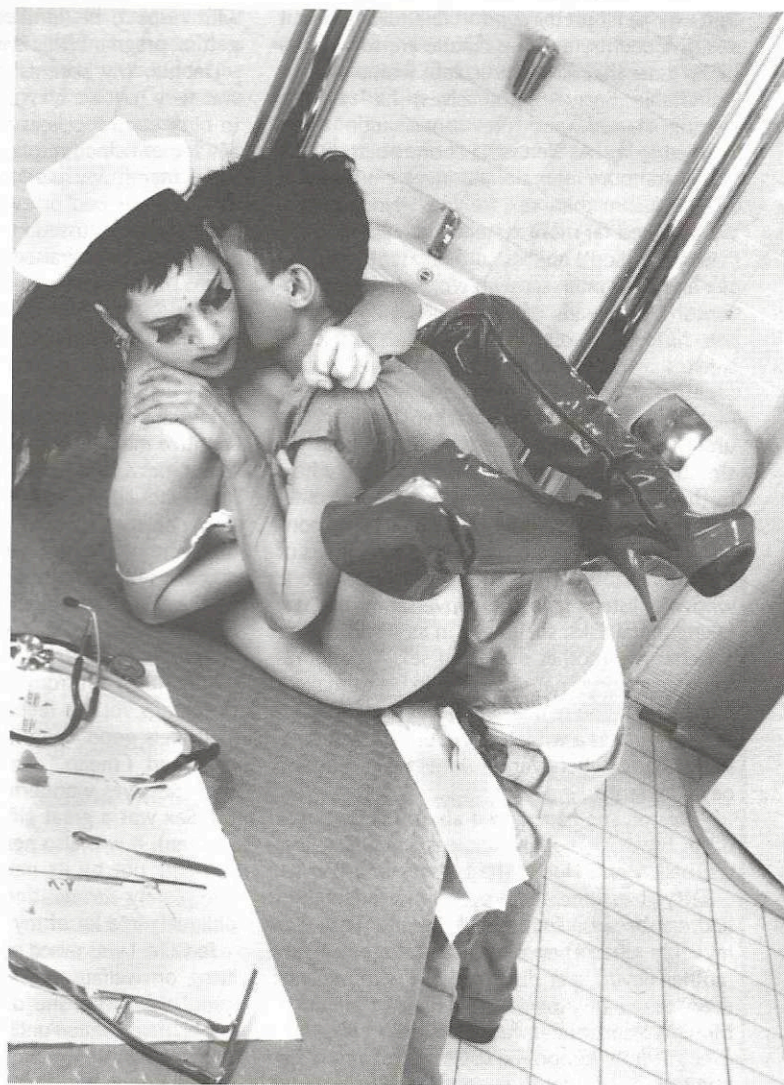






OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX





Intimate Disclosure

Seven Women Talk Sex and Class, Part 1

Compiled by Laurie Toby Edison and Debbie Notkin

We knew when we began this conversation that we were stepping into unexplored and unexamined territory. Although as queer feminists we're all pretty comfortable talking about sex, this country and this culture are so silenced about class that all the articulate women in this roundtable (including ourselves) had trouble getting started, and the conversation often seemed to lag. As Elena said at one point, "Class issues are more intimate and involve a lot more self-disclosure than sex for me." Nonetheless, we gathered far more material than can fit here.

We also didn't anticipate the extent to which sex and class intersect with women's abuse histories. The threads of class are twined with all the history of our lives, but the particular threads of class and abuse seem to be woven together in ways that require one to contemplate the woven fabric rather than try to unweave it. If you try too hard to separate the strands you may unweave a reasonably whole truth into something less true.

Finally, we started off with Debbie as a "non-participating moderator," but when members of the roundtable objected to having someone who was listening to the conversation but not taking equal risks, she joined in as a participant.

Elena: My mother explained sex: "It's something disgusting that you have to do to make a baby. And if you're married, because that is part of your duty as a wife, to let your husband have sex with you whenever he wants to. Because he pays the rent."

Later on she complained about my dad's sex drive. I said, "I thought sex was something that was bad, Mom? Huh?" She just seemed ashamed.

Betty: I assume that my mother and father had sex because they had four kids. That was my only clue. They never slept together. My mother never, ever discussed sex with me, not even, or maybe especially, when I told her that I thought I'd just been fucked by her uncle. All I ever got from her on the subject was pursed lips and a cold shoulder.

Laurie: Everything that happened inside my house took place in a bubble that was separate,

silent, and apart from the world. There was a force field I walked through every day, and the girl on the outside of the door was raised to never get pregnant, always have boys treat her with respect, be terrified of the possibility of getting pregnant (this is way pre-legal abortion).

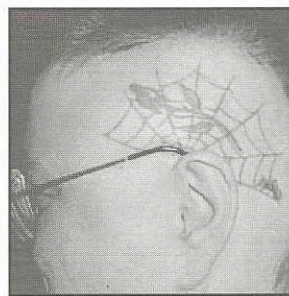
Debbie: My parents' tolerant liberal politics was very much a class stereotype. I had access to birth control pills as soon as I wanted them. My father helped me find a safe illegal abortion for a friend. My parents never made me feel that sex was bad or evil, just unimportant and not directly discussed.

Marlene: I was raised on the kid's stories published in *Ms.* magazine. I grew up having *Our Bodies Ourselves* in the house. My parents told me that sex was a good thing, but complicated enough that one had to wait until adulthood to make decisions about it. The fact that they did everything they could to turn me into a "decent, sensitive man" is one of the things I value most about how they raised me. All of those lefty ideas about sex and gender contributed greatly to my ability to face my problems with my gender rather than continue to hide from them.

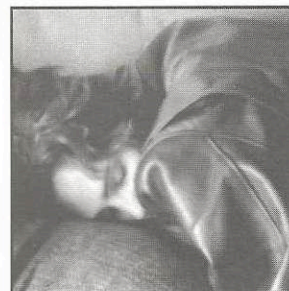
Lydia: I had exactly one conversation with my mother about sex. [She] came into my room, sat down on the bed and said, "You know, Lydia, sex is a marvelous thing, in the marriage bed. It's wonderful, a gift from God. And even if some of the things you do feel degrading—well as long as it feels good, then it's fine. Within the marriage bed, I mean." And then she left. Sex was dirty. Sex was wonderful. Sex was the ultimate sin. Sex was a great gift God gave to man (not woman). It was also nearly unmentionable, and certainly not by its name. Homosexuality was completely unmentionable, but referenced obliquely in a lot of my father's sermons.

Jewelle: I was raised by my great-grandmother, living on welfare, and she said almost nothing about sex, ever. She didn't even let me know about menstruation until it had already happened!

With my father and stepmother's working-class background, there was little overt discussion of sex. But sex was a natural part of their lives; they insisted on their privacy for it with-



Roundtable participants
from top to bottom:
Betty Rose Dudley,
Debbie Notkin,
Marlene Hoeber,
Jewelle Gomez,
and Laurie Toby Edison.



out embarrassment.

My father asked my stepmother to make sure I had birth control info when he realized I was having sex with men when I was about 20.

Their ability to make desire and satisfaction an honest part of themselves and their relationships gave me a much easier time.

Elena: Usually sex was something that my cousins did, but they were "trash." I guess my mom forgot that she was related to them, somehow. They had babies [with] no fathers. She did, too. But she had been deceived, so it was okay for her. When I did have sex, my cousins were much nicer to me. Like I'd come over to their side, or something.

Early on I got that white upper-class women did not like sex. And white upper-class men didn't know how to have sex. Now the lower classes, both white and brown, were good at sex, and liked it. This made them "breed like animals."

Betty: I learned about sex from the paperback books I read and then masturbated in my bedroom.

Laurie: The clean "pretty girl" who lived on the outside of the force field used being a "lady" to make herself safer (and it worked—it was the fifties), and enjoyed the power her looks gave her over boys and men while being careful to use it only in ways that were useful to her. This feels very middle class to me: being "clean," using power that came from the promise of sex withheld. I didn't have "real" consensual sex until I had a diaphragm firmly in place, and by then I was well out of high school.

Betty: I didn't have consensual, know-what-I'm-doing sex until I was 23. At 12 I knew I was a dyke, but I fucked a lot of guys proving it to my sister and my new therapist I got when I went to college. Fucking can be fun when you no longer give a shit, and my mother was dead by then, so I didn't give a shit.

Jewelle: I think that the working-class lives of my folks made me feel easier about sexual desire, difference, and sexual expectations. Gays, for instance, were patrons in my father's bar, etc., and it wasn't a scandal or problem.

My father actually had two "wives" at the same time (after he split from my mother) and they knew each other and were friends. I understood that he had a sexual life and that his social circumstance was unusual. That also helped me adjust to being an outsider as a lesbian. On one hand I had romantic expectations, and on the other I didn't expect anything in my life to be like anything else I'd seen.

I think my background made me very flexible. Sometimes that was an advantage; other times it left me with no articulated standards in order to check on my safety.

Elena: Coming out wasn't hard for me, but it was hard to tell my parents. I had to give them the silent treatment before they learned to behave themselves around me. Mainly because my mom worked in the jail and the only lesbians she ever saw were the ones who were drunk and disorderly or in a fight over some girl. To this day she calls them "bulldaggers." I laugh when I think of myself as a "bulldagger."

Betty: My family thinks that being a dyke is weird, but they also know that it keeps my outsider status in place, regardless of my salary or my education. I actually think it keeps together what upward mobility could have torn apart. Of course if I were closeted and/or trying to pass for middle class or thin it would probably all be blown out of the water and either I'd disown them or they'd tell me to go fuck myself.

Lydia: I found out, in my year at the massage parlor, that I didn't want to play the odds that living "the life" required. Too many of the girls there had lost more than they'd won, and I didn't have the flexibility or the reflexes for it. But it still looks attractive, vivid, sharp. Turning tricks wasn't usually an isolated craft, a job you could work from eight to eight, or anything like that. It was integrated into the whole set of accommodations, risks, and gains that living there requires. Some days it's fun, some days it's scary, some days it's just what you do.

I worked at the parlor out of curiosity, not need. I actually turned only one trick. The rest of

the time, I only offered hand jobs. I didn't mind the physical services that much, but I hated the role-playing that was required. If the customer had wanted just the mechanics of sex, that would have been fine, but he never did.

Marlene: When I was 13, I had sex with a girl for the first time. When I was 15, I had sex with a boy for the first time. When I was 12, I got drunk for the first time. I drank and did drugs because I was uncomfortable with myself, my body, my gender.

It wasn't long before I was having sex with older men for drugs. Because of the various social conventions of the gay male bar scene (especially the fact that I wasn't sissified) the men I slept with thought of me as rough trade. I got more and had to do less if I left this fantasy undisturbed. If I wanted to get fucked, if I pretended to be conceding something reluctantly, I got more.

As I got a bit older, I stopped going to the bars and started going to clubs. The difference between the bars and the clubs was class, not between the buyers, but between the sellers. In clubs I made more if I looked expensive. If somebody wanted rough trade, they'd go looking in the places I had been tricking in before. It was expected in the clubs that I would get fucked when I went home with someone. It was also assumed that I was actually queer rather than just broke or strung out.

I don't know about how these stereotypes manifest themselves outside the gay male world. I've never sold sex as a woman.

Debbie: I never conceived of myself in any felt way as a sexual being until I was well into my 20s (and certainly no longer a virgin). I never masturbated to climax until years after I'd been living with a lover. For most of my growing-up life I ignored my body as much as possible, and had no idea that anything was missing. Marlene's account of a sexually active and risky life before she was 20 makes me think, "Wow, that would be like living on another planet." Does this have anything to do with class? If so, I haven't been able to tease it out so far. ☺

Meet the Panel

Betty Rose Dudley is a fat, white dyke who comes from a working-class background but currently makes a decent salary. Although she grew up in small-town Missouri and not rural Tennessee, *The Beverly Hillsbillies* was one of her favorite TV shows as a child, so she moved to California—San Francisco, not Los Angeles. She now lives in Oakland and hopes to one day win the Lotto, after which she will have a big car and a big house done up in bold, primary colors. There is very little pastel in her personality.

Laurie Toby Edison is an internationally exhibited photographer. *Women En Large: Images of Fat Nudes* (with her photographs and Debbie Notkin's text) was published in 1994. Her current work in progress is *Familiar Men: A Book of Male Nudes*. She is also a jeweler and sculptor. She has two daughters and lives and works in San Francisco. She has at various times been a member of the Gay & Lesbian History Project, Queer Nation, and other queer activist groups.

Elena Escalera earned her Ph.D. in Social Psychology at the University of California at Berkeley. She now teaches social psychology, as well as being a massage therapist in San Francisco.

Jewelle Gomez was raised on welfare in Boston and now leads a middle-class activist life in San Francisco. She was on the original board of GLAAD and is on the national advisory board of NCLR. She writes about black lesbians in the past and the future. Her six books include *The Gilda Stories* and *Don't Explain*.

Marlene Hoeber lives in San Francisco with a cat, a lizard, a snake, a girlfriend, and a few fish. She tries to make beautiful/dangerous things for a living, and failing that, she does miscellaneous light industrial work.

Lydia Nickerson lives in a polyamorous household in Minneapolis known as Blaisdell Polytechnic. She earns her living doing clerical and secretarial tasks for doctors, and helps organize science fiction conventions for recreation.

Debbie Notkin divides her time between social change work and making a living by editing and multimedia instructional design. She wrote the text for *Women En Large: Images of Fat Nudes*, and is chair of the motherboard for the James Tiptree Award, which honors works of science fiction and fantasy that explore and expand gender roles. She lives in Oakland when work doesn't force her into long periods in New York City.

Taking Rita Hayworth in My Mouth

By Joan Nestle ♦ Illustration by Roberta Gregory

I sit on the edge of a couch in a dark room, the dark is the dark of night. This nearly empty apartment on the edge of the Village is lit only by the street lights of Soho and the red and green lights of late-night traffic. Muffled sounds of a summer city night float into the room. I am a person waiting for something, waiting in near darkness, sitting on the edge of my seat. I am a customer awaiting the appearance of a dream I had ordered. She is in the other room, getting ready to make an entrance. It is a rare thing in life to be able to call into being the haunting mysteries that have followed one since childhood. If I tell you I am almost 60 when this night dawns, this night of apparitions, will it make it harder to hear what follows? An aging woman waiting on the edge of her seat for the dream only another woman can give her.

I smell her perfume before I see her. She comes out of the darkness, and I turn my gaze from the direction of the windows to take her in, her steady even progress towards me. Her red hair falls down around her shoulders, her face is marked by the redness of her lips, the hard blue-gray brightness of her eyes; she has the worldly, slightly worn look of a woman who has seen it all. A small smile plays around the edges of her large mouth. Her broad shoulders push the darkness open.

I hear nothing now but the sound of her approach. She stands before me for a minute, a tall, broad woman in a black blouse opened at the throat so her breasts swell above me; a short leopard-print skirt rides high on her thighs, all done to my order. "Is this what you wanted?" she says, half amused, confident that

this is exactly what I wanted. I cannot take my eyes off her face, off the world of work and experience she is radiating in the darkness. I see again, as I did as a child, my mother dressed for work and at the same time, dressed for her lovers. My mother in that erotic blend of self-support and desire on the prowl, her costume, the black dress, the small hat with its veil of stars, the nylons with their seams down the back of her legs. I watched her dress, saw her arms raise before the mirror; that mix of pain and pleasure comes to my mouth, her beauty, her leaving.

I cannot drop my eyes from my dream's face. I do not want to. She sits in the chair we have placed right in front of me a few inches from the edge of the couch. Still smiling, she raises one leg and tucks her toes under the sofa's pillow. Her skirt is now a band around her lap and she sits, waiting for me to drop my eyes. She grows larger in the darkness, in her solid angular position, waiting for me to do what I must, what I have waited all these years to do. I am hardly breathing; I have lost all sense of what sex I am. The dark night has become illuminated by the power of myth, the power of legend.

"Go ahead," she encourages. My breath escapes me now and I lower my head, taking my eyes from her large, strong face with its worldly cool welcome, to what she is exposing to my view. It is only a small distance to travel, but I am terrified of the journey.

Right in front of me now, I see a second face, its red lips flaring in a nest of hair, drops of liquid caught in its strands, its own perfume opening up to me, right in front of me, the naked center of a woman. I raise my eyes once again to the public face, and I reel with the contrast.

I cannot keep the two faces in the same place, on the same body. It is as if I am being allowed to see below the surface of all the days, all the mothers. I almost plead with her, Don't let me go under again, but she says nothing, just watches. I feel the pull of her other face and give in to its ancient world. I let go of all pretense and gaze totally at the sex right before my eyes, smell it, hunger for it. And then, I fall to my knees, onto the pillow we have arranged in just the right place to catch my weight as I fall to my knees before this gleaming mask that is as real as hair and bone and flesh can be. I push my face into the one between her legs, my mouth as wide as a whale's, my tongue pulling all of this dream into me. I swallow, I hunger, I drink, I eat. She allows it all, giving herself to my relentless hunger, to this beggar on her knees. My tongue swirls, finding hidden passageways, pushing at the confines of her wet, red walls. I am nothing but this exploration, kept from me by so many years, by so many laws. Above, I feel tremors and know that in some other place, the country has shifted. Somewhere on what remains of the surface, I know she is coming. I have sucked pleasure into her, but that is part of the more common world, the one I have known for all the past years. Where I am now is somewhere else, somewhere beyond gender, in the labyrinth of myth and legend, where mothers are falling stars and shame sprouts wings. ☺

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*I am hardly breathing;
I have lost all sense of what sex I am.*

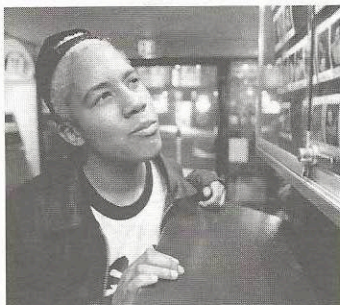
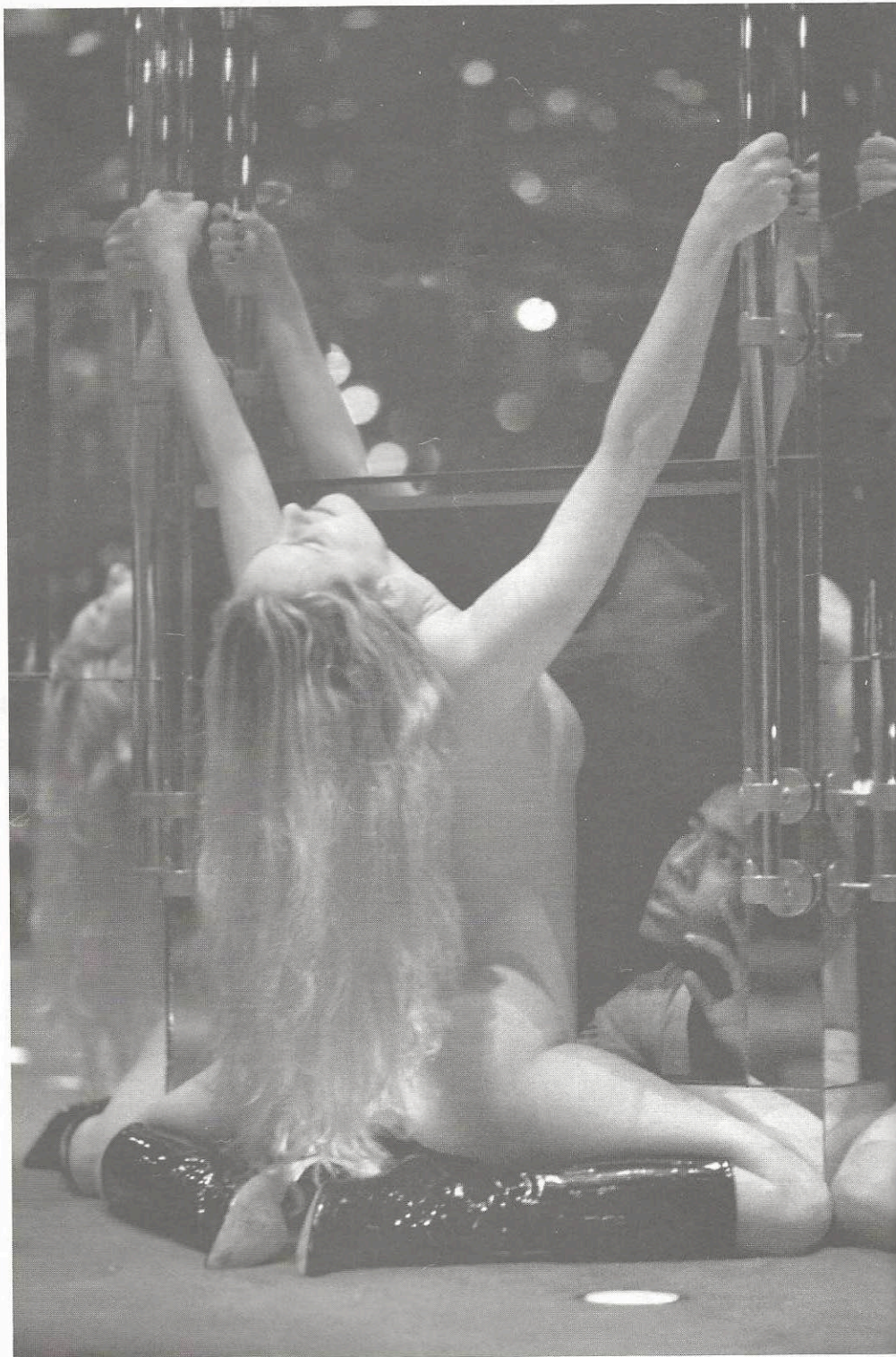


PUSSY PEEPING

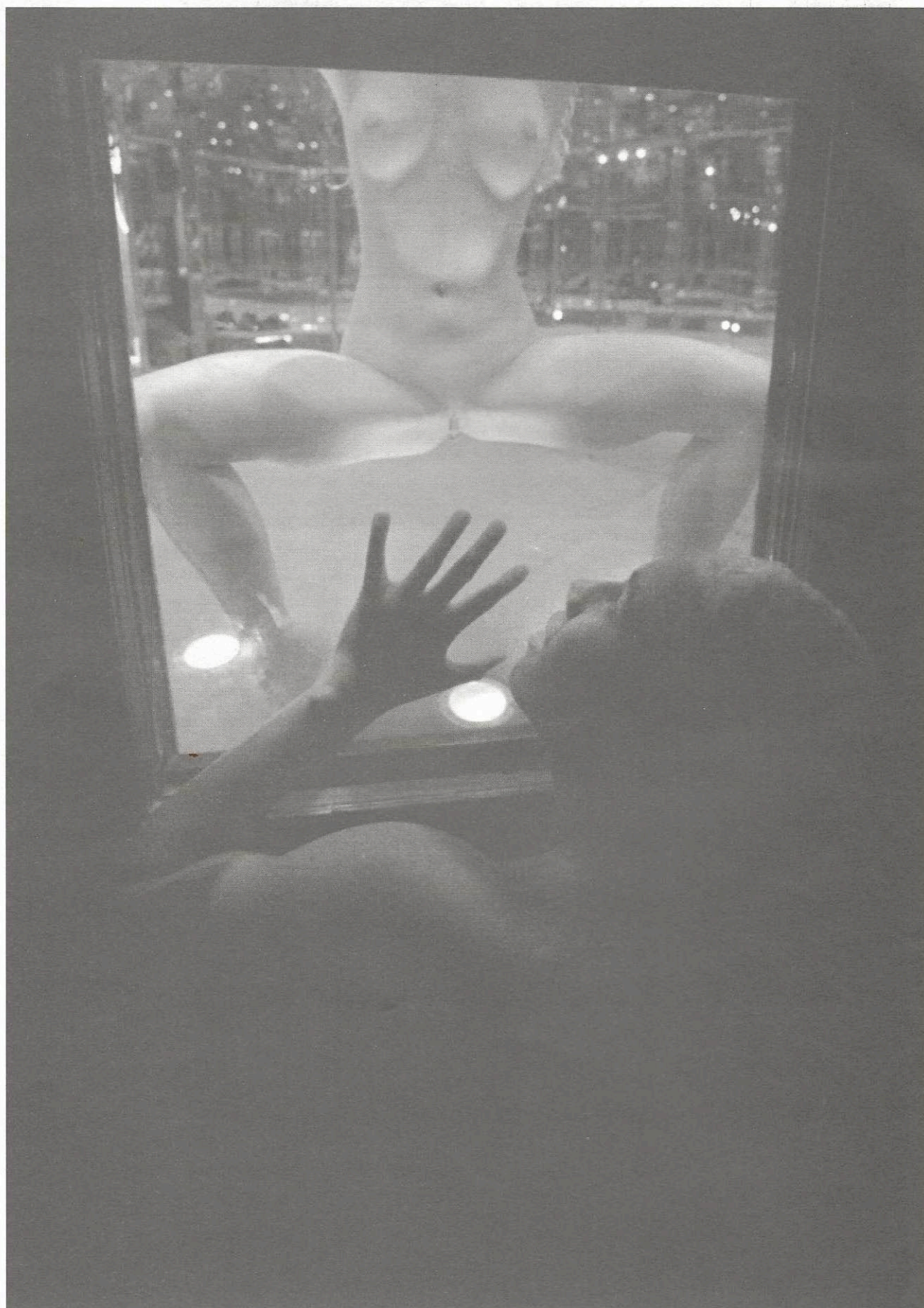
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
PETER DA SILVA

Shot on location at
the Lusty Lady
San Francisco, CA
(the only women-run
and unionized strip joint)

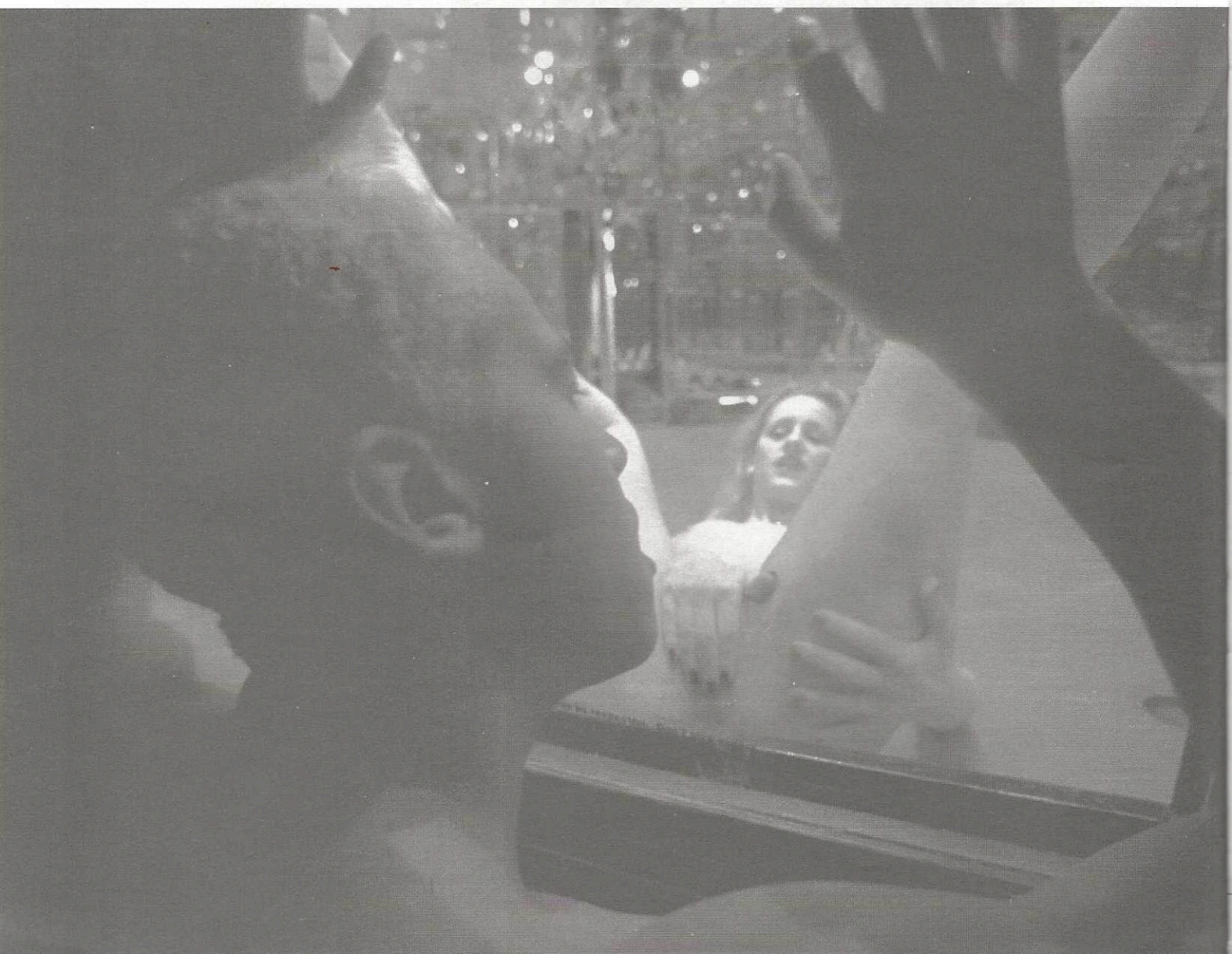
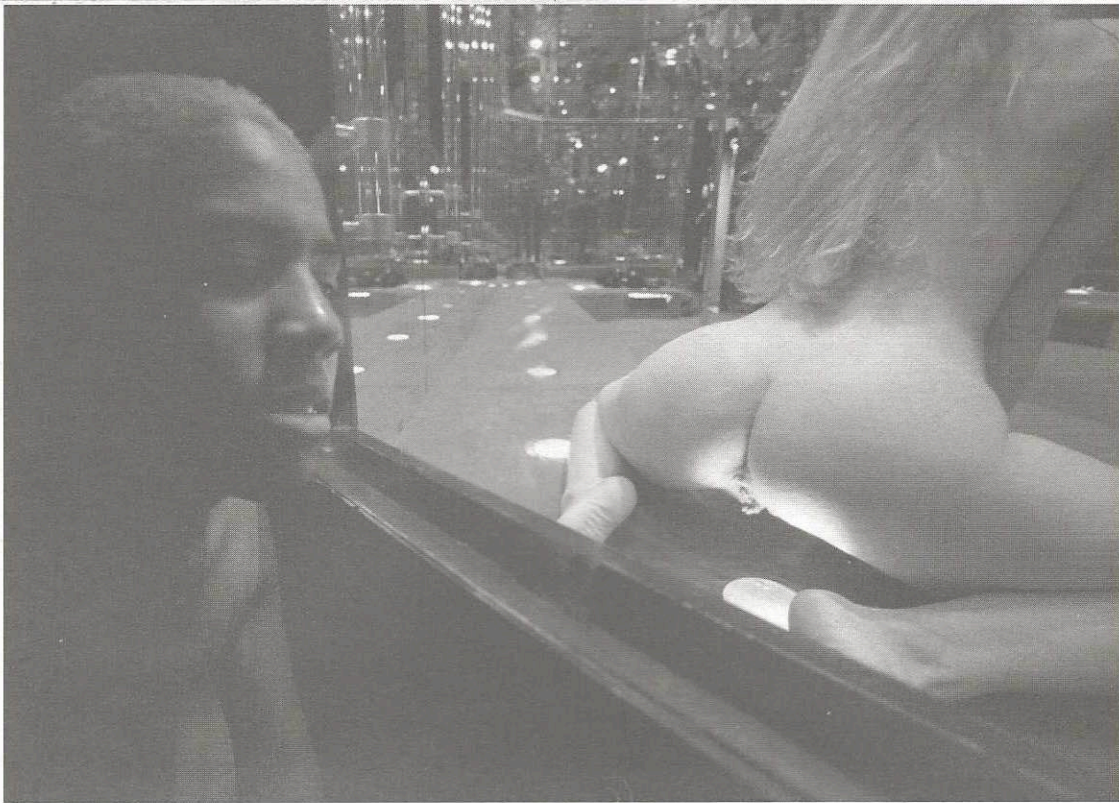
Kelly was hornier than she'd ever been. She had always wanted to go to a peep show, and her randiness drove her to the Bouncing Bosoms. In her private booth she made eye contact with several dancers, but it was Carla who seemed especially interested. When Kelly saw Carla move her hips, she could feel her clit get hard. She undid her pants, sat back, and let her fingers do the roaming. Was it possible that Carla was enjoying herself a little more than usual? Kelly could swear that Carla was giving her an *extra special* show... **lm**

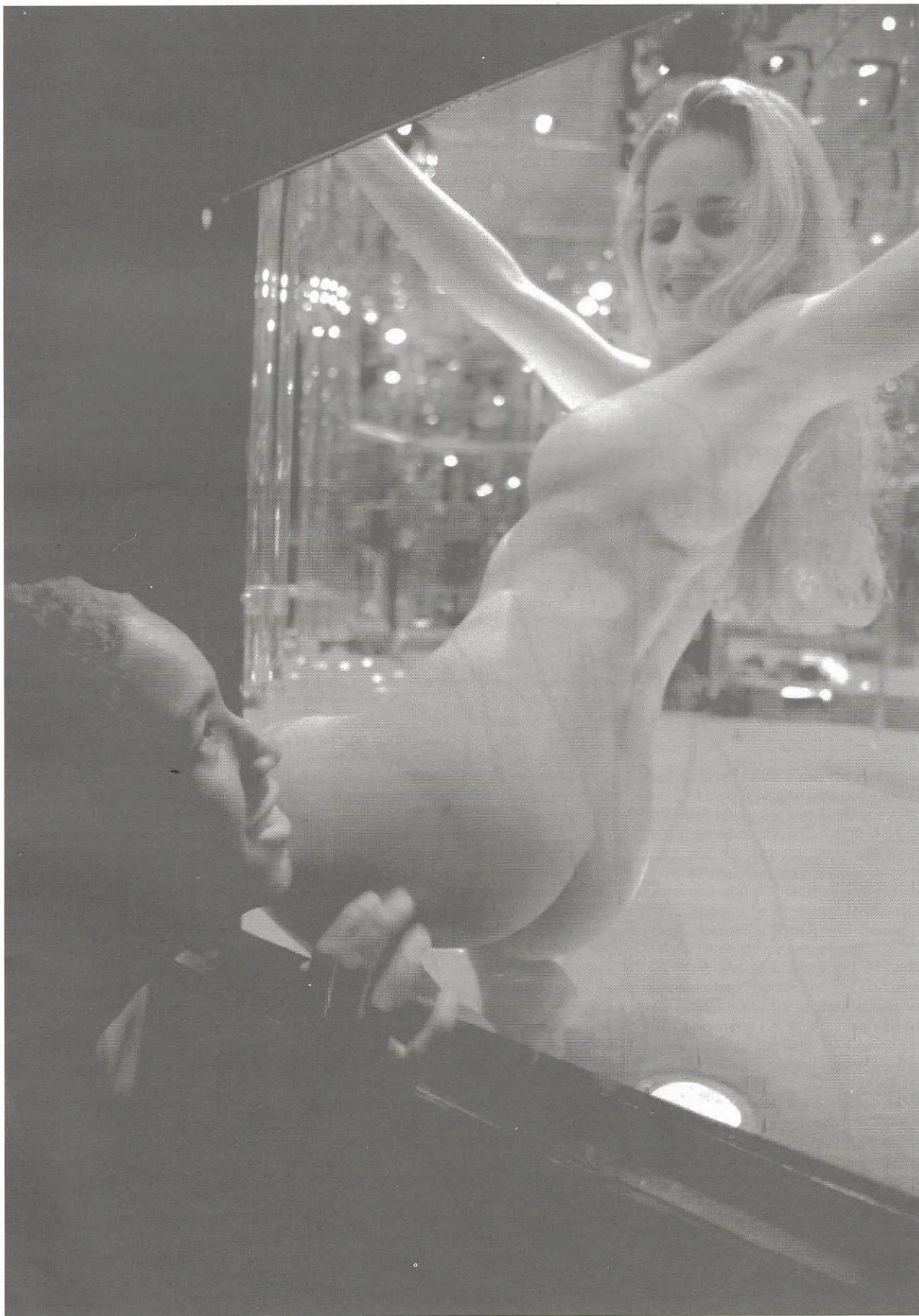






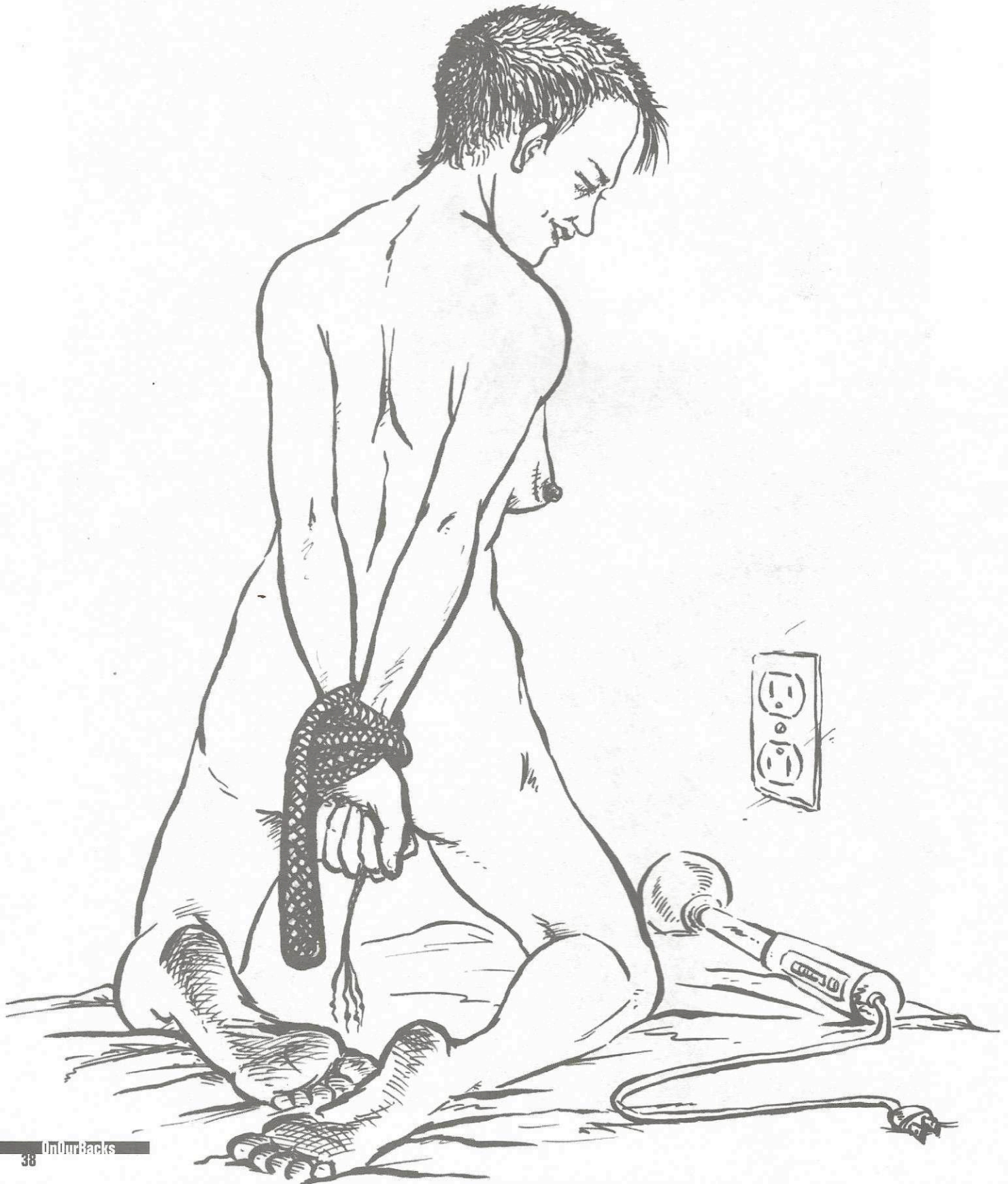






Undertow

By Peggy Munson
Illustration by Leanne Franson



Bondage

The nurses put me in almost total bondage, arms strapped down and a weight on my chest, and I try to think sexy thoughts to scare away the prospect of cancer. I had to request minimal anesthesia because of my allergies, so I feel the knife scraping out the ducts beneath my nipple. I don't scream, because it feels like a dream, and there is that soundproof glass that separates dreams from waking. I believe if I scream, though it hurts, nobody will hear me. All the way home, when the car hits a bump, I feel a jolt of pain in my breast. I can't suckle a baby on that side now, and I don't want fucking cancer, I want to live forever.

My breast is covered in bandages, in bondage. It hurts.

My lover visits me. She keeps forgetting about the bandages and is rough with me and knocks against the ache. She's being a stupid, benign lump, and I want her out of my bed. I've noticed lately that she is trouble, but I don't have the energy to break up with her now. She says weird things like, "I would never strike you, baby," even though nobody has ever struck me, not in a bad way. I wonder what kind of damage she could do, what kind of tangible, human damage. Of course, it's the small things that scare me now. I can't wait to get the bandages off to see the scar, even though I know I will hate it. It's the first time my illness has scarred me in a visible way. I have a hole inside of me where milk should be. When she enters me, I say "Go deeper," because I can barely feel her, and I haven't even taken a single painkiller. Then she thrusts her hand into my cunt like she is punching dough.

Something is rising inside of me, but I'm not sure what it is. I'm not sure what I will become after this. Sometimes something so small can transform you, indescribably, and suddenly you are spilling over the edges of your hurricane barrier.

I have clear, taut plastic over my breast.

When I was little, I went to a science museum and learned about the whisper chamber. It's a piece of curved plastic you face and whisper into, and your tiny voice is amplified, it metastasizes into something large, grows in the room, and bounces to another piece of curved plastic many yards away. My lover ties me up, she whips me, she fucks me as hard as I want, because I want to come with the voice of a deaf person speaking, I want to come with the mouth of an awestruck child. Still, I am so aware that my body is sealing this small leak; I'm so aware that I am waiting for the results of my biopsy. I need hands that can whisper, whisper, and fill a whole room, fill up the hole.

During this period, I almost have sex with a man.

It's an accident, maybe, but his mouth is so gentle and I tell him about the surgery and he doesn't touch my breast, doesn't even bang against it, and after we kiss on my couch he lifts me up and carries me through three rooms, into my bedroom, and we lie on some pillows on the floor and rub our bodies together hard. The results of my biopsy were negative and I should be celebrating. I feel his dick hardening against

my leg and I don't know if I should take my clothes off, don't know if I should go there, it's been so long. His body with its firm Latin etymology rubbing against mine, translating, translating. And damn I want him, too, and I am hungry for his firm Latin etymology and the cool friction of translation, for the science of the body. He feels nice.

But my body is curled around the word *lesbian* which makes me think of breasts, and I fall asleep suckling that word, stroking his hair, with all my clothes still on, whispering to him, "That was so sweet."

And I hold him like a baby.

Safeword

My chronic illness has a stupid name, and I've come to believe that sticks and stones have nothing on words. A word can keep you safe, says my new lover. You can use the word at any time to stop what's going on. Still, my illness is like a constant undertow, pulling bodies far away from the shores of words. I want to believe what she says about language. I want to have faith in its powers.

I've become a sex object since I got sick. I'm not kidding: more people want me. I lie on my bed and hold court like a pale Victorian princess. Despite the fact that I barely have the strength to fuck, I'm addicted to endorphins, and I lie on my bed like a heroin-wasted Calvin Klein model and wait to be serviced.

A word can protect you from harm, she tells me. I am a writer and should be full of antidotes. If there's one thing I do understand it's inversion: how pleasure can come out of pain, how you can be ripped away from your family and home then thrown back onto sand and into breath. No doesn't mean no any more. We're in the southern hemisphere, the water spins backwards. *No doesn't mean no*. Protest all you want, but this is your life.

She holds me down on the bed. She has me kneel in front of her and ask nicely. She has me beg her for more when I can barely sit up and feel like I'm going to pass out, high on oxygen deprivation. That's one twisted benefit of my illness. The brain loses oxygen with exercise, so I get that high usually reserved for autoerotic asphyxiation junkies. My lover whaps my ass with a leather paddle and I see stars and beg her for more and then I fall over because I can't stay upright for her and she props me up on her body and whaps me harder. My lover and I redefine words, words like *pain management*.

Still, I think safeword is a stupid oxymoron. What word ever protected me from this pathogen? What good did "no means no" ever do me?

She believes she can tame the mutinies in my body. *They never go away*, I tell her. She whaps me harder, flicks her tongue into my asshole, kisses me hard on the mouth, whaps me harder. She plays with my clit and starts to curl her fingers into me.

No, I protest. I can't take your whole hand inside of me.

But I'm thinking, Come into my room and look at the maddening yellow wallpaper. I'm thinking, Don't you dare leave me, don't you dare stop it feels so good.

Earlier, she hooked a ring of my bondage cuff onto a high nail in the kitchen, made me spread-eagle against the wall while she put things up my ass. I was going to fucking die if I couldn't lie down, but she alternated with hot slaps on my ass and cool things up my ass. I pretended it was boot camp and that I was being rewarded for my challenges. The cool started to feel good, like water after a long run. The hot started to

My lover ties me
up, she whips me,
she fucks me as
hard as I want...

feel exciting. I didn't use the safeword when I thought I was going to pass out. I didn't use the safeword when she was fucking me in the ass. And then when she had me on the bed, on my back, and my sexy sick body was spread out in front of me, her sexy strong fist became an army against the oppressive drone of my limitations, and my body started to clench into one single, expanding word, and that word shuddered out of my mouth, oh yes.

C'mere, she said. Sweet girl. My body crumpled into her; she stroked my skin. Even in the afterglow I knew the undertow was waiting. *If I'm not coming I'm going*, I wanted to tell her. *Make me keep coming*.

Surrender

Our bodies seemed to know each other in ways we couldn't express. They were from the same country, it was obvious from the moment they met up at the door. This new woman stroked one finger along the waistline of my jeans and my whole body answered back, in triplicate, stood in line at the disability office and waited for its paycheck.

The first time I undressed her we were taking a nap, wrung out and exhausted in ways only

continued on page 42

Buffed.

Bold.

Beautiful.

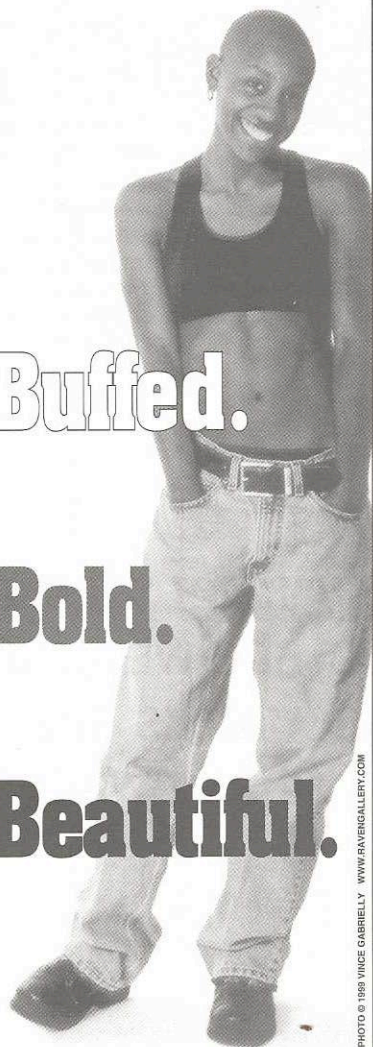


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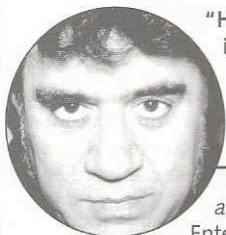
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Compiled by Lindsay McClune

"We [now] have these characters that who aren't predatory females, like Sharon Stone in *Basic Instinct*. They're open-minded about sex, they're interested in having sex, and that's okay."

Candace Bushnell, author of *Sex and the City* in *Entertainment Weekly*.

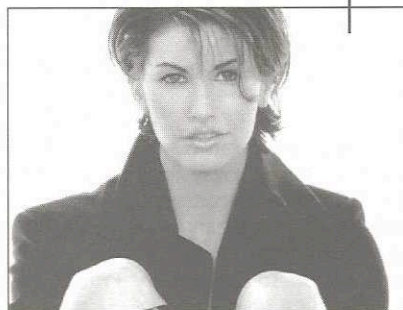


"Here I was, 11 and feeling like a pervert. Finally I thought to myself, 'Well if this is sin, let the sinning begin.'"

Pedro Almodóvar on sneaking in to see an adult-only movie in *Entertainment Weekly*

"She'd be a cosmopolitan but with rum; something kind of fruity and intoxicating. You don't know quite how drunk you are until all of a sudden you're on the floor."

Gina Gershon in *Playboy* on what sort of drink Jennifer Tilly would be

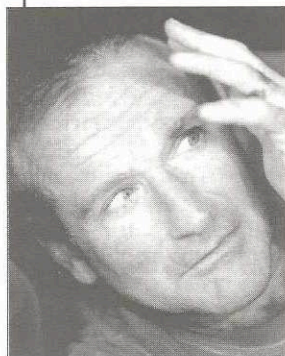


"In many years of teaching and talking sex, I have never had a man come up and say, 'I don't know where my penis is and I've never had an orgasm.'"

Susie Bright in *PURE*

"One day I was in the suit for 12 hours. It was like bondage without the fun."

Robin Williams on his robot suit for Bicentennial Man in *People* magazine



"I don't like how some women have been led down the garden path of virulent, arch-feminist male bashing. I like real women. By that I don't mean someone who just stays home and is a stand-by-your man

type, though I think that would be nice if some of them tried that once in a while. I mean someone who's comfortable with being a woman rather than someone who is uncomfortable because she wants to be a man."

James Woods in *Movieline*

"When I was a kid, I used to hear how all actors were like, quote, 'fags, sissies,' whatever—always crying about this or that. But most of the actors I meet are just good guys, doing their thing."

Scott Caan, actor in *Enemy of the State* and *Varsity Blues* in *Movieline*

"Rights? For sexual deviants, sexual behavior, there are now rights? That's what I'm worried about with the pedophilia and the bestiality and the sadomasochism and the cross-dressing. Is this all going to be rights too? Why does deviant behavior get rights?"

Laura Schlessinger (Dr. Laura) in *The Advocate*



"[I'd have] to take the no. 7 train to the ballpark, looking like you're in Beirut, next to some kid with purple hair, next to some queer with AIDS right next to some 20-year-old mom with four kids. It's depressing."

Atlanta Braves relief pitcher John Rocker on life in NYC in *ETC* magazine

"We are not big, butch, masculine, lesbian football players."

Amy Taylor on what the Australian women's soccer team were trying to prove by posing nude for *Sports Illustrated* in *Outlines*

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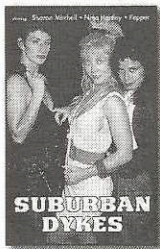
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continued from page 39

UNDERTOW

people with our illness can understand. Flat on my bed, she said to me, *I never make the first move*, and I was spurred on by adrenalin, unbuttoned the fly of her jeans and pressed my hand against her warm cunt and made her groan. When you're fighting all the time, your body's dying to surrender. I knew this was exactly what she wanted, chosen surrender. Her body wanted to stop fighting.

I knew just how to make it happen.

Bend over my knee, I said to her at a place where we could hear the water through the screen door and she played music for me. *Give me everything because I will notice if you hold back, even a little.*

She gave me everything. She knew how the body steals from you, and she said things like, "If you ever need a kidney, even, I'm here."

She was an excellent bottom. "I won't be needing your kidneys," I said. "But I will be examining your breasts." On those breasts, my mouth became stupid as a goldfish, and I just wanted to open my lips around her nipples and suck.

Then on some days, she made me surrender, too. She made me sing hallelujah to her hand, her tongue, her lips. I gave over my white flag like it was the Shroud of Turin. Yes, I did experience sweet surrender. And she mopped the sweat off my brow and we rocked hard into each other, two provinces pushing peacetime into the big, consuming map of our collective skin.

Insurrection

She knew the curled edge of my smile was hiking up the hem of my insolence, even long distance. So, she ordered: "Bind your wrists with my whip, kneel in the dark and think about your attitude." My attitude is bad. I have escape maps hidden away in my floorboards even when she's fucking me, her hand curling into me like a shell that mimics oceans. I am a con artist, chronically impatient with an appetite for excess. Nothing is enough. If I have a conch shell, I want the Atlantic, if I sip the Atlantic I thirst for the Pacific, and so on. I seem to have no concept of the half-full glass.

"For how long?"

"Do I have to come slap that sneer off your face, dog?" She knew this kind of talk would turn me on.

"No." I was still smirking.

"For as long as it takes."

I slammed my bedroom door and pulled the shades, wrapped the long braided whip around my wrists, and kneeled on my bed. I knew she wanted me to think about her, to be focused, but my brain flipped to images of other women, ones I'd lusted after from a distance. The cashier in San Francisco with the chili pepper tattoo arcing down into the crevice of her V-neck, the gardener with the long wavy hair and nose ring. These were the thoughts that saved me when I could barely get out of bed, when my whole body hurt, when I had a flu that lasted for years. I tried to

think unsexy thoughts then, began categorizing all the bad kissers I'd ever encountered: Cavern Mouth, Dagger Tongue, Smear Face. But then I got turned on thinking about her slapping the look off my face, and I grappled for loopholes in my instructions.

She didn't *specifically* say I couldn't use my vibrator. And I am much more lucid after I come. I would be better able to think about my crime and then my repentance would be much more meaningful and long lasting. I wished I'd been raised Catholic and not Protestant so I could experience pleasure first, be punished, then sin again.

Once, I had this horrible nightmare that I thought would never end. In it, I was arrested as a Nazi war criminal. Despite my protests that I was not in the war, hadn't even been born, the authorities locked me into a mountainside hide-away. Every criminal there was given a plug-in vibrator, but told never, ever to plug it in. They shuttled me into a room with the others, and we gazed longingly at the plentiful electrical outlets. We all must have been afraid of murder. We must have felt a lot of shame. We must have had nightmares full of bodies. We must have lived in fear.

After the mindless chatter with the other inmates drove me mad, I couldn't wait any longer. I plugged my vibrator in. I started to hold it on my clit and moan in pleasure. Orgasm to me has always been the sweetest form of upheaval, the way the body rises up against its personal shortcomings and becomes so divine. The guards quickly whisked me away. I was taken into a bright room. And they said to me something so unexpected: "Now that you have broken the rules, you are no longer a Nazi. You can go free."

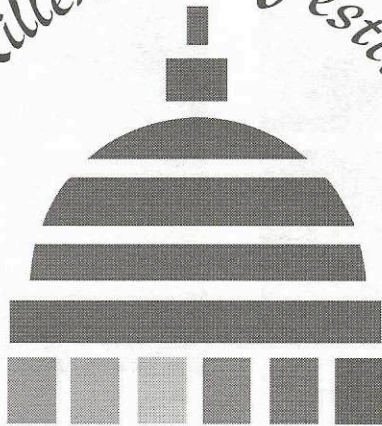
When I woke up I was free. Every day I've awakened and known that I could make myself feel something good, I've been free.

I remembered that dream as I disobeyed her, straining my bound hands to reach the vibrator by my bedside and plugging it in. The whip still cinched my hands, reminding me that freedom is something to fight for, while I relished my own belligerence. She would never know I was doing this.

Please forgive me, for I have sinned, I whispered, smirking, when I was kneeling onto it, rubbing myself against the undulations. Please forgive me for needing to feel so good. Forgive me for the megalomania of my clit, or the way I keep filling the glass, even as it's being siphoned. Forgive me for having a body that is made up mostly of water, so thirsty, always trying to sweep the shore into itself.

When I came it was the sweetest insurrection. It was the sweetest music, like the waves, my ankles plunging deep into the sand and my body still capsizing, stumbling, regaining balance, and going back for more. I always loved asking for it, prevailing. And the contrasting currents sometimes felt so familiar, so soothing, calling every liquid body home.

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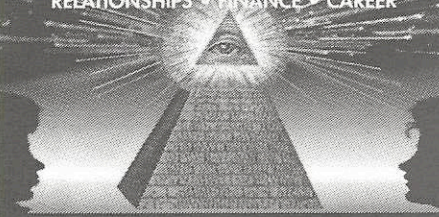
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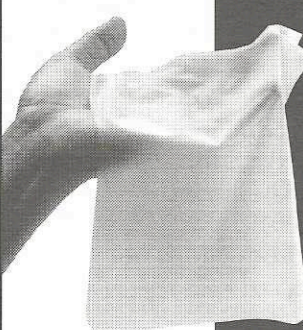
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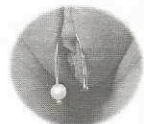
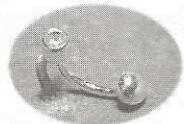
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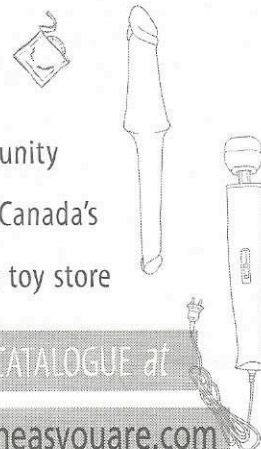
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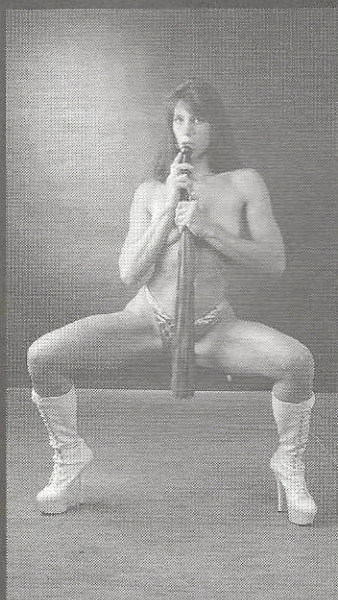
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Play With Needles

By Lolita Wolf

When thinking of needles, most people remember going to the doctor and getting shots. Ick! The last thing that they want to do is play with needles. But once you get over that fear, playing with needles can be a lot of fun. Play piercing can give you a big endorphin rush. Just as long-distance runners experience a runner's high, needles can leave you breathless!

- 1 Gather your tools.** Most of these items are available at medical supply stores.

Sterile needles: Any gauge between 21 and 26 is good (the higher the number, the thinner the needle). Thin needles such as 23 or 25 are good for beginners. You do not want anything thinner because they will bend or break. A good length is 1 1/2 inches. Needles are not legal to sell without a prescription in many states; in that case, you can purchase them via mail order or from a local SM product vendor.

Cleaning Supplies: Providone-iodine (Betadine) prep pads; alcohol swabs; benzalkonium chloride towelettes. Individual packets are best to avoid cross-contamination.

Sharps Container: This is for disposal of the used needles. You can also use a plastic soda bottle with a cap. Always dispose of these containers properly. In most states, you can walk into any hospital and they will take them from you with no questions asked. Never reuse needles and never try to recap them—that's how most needle sticks occur.

A drop cloth or absorbent bed pad to protect the furniture: You probably won't have too much blood, but this protects against any spills that may happen. Other supplies: latex gloves, paper towels, and a garbage can.

- 2 Make sure your environment is clean.** Wipe down the surface of the play area and the table where you will lay out your tools. I like to lay out my needles, gloves, and cleaning supplies on a table covered with a layer of paper towels. Although there are many positions for play piercing, I find it comfortable for my partner and I to sit in chairs facing each other, so we can maintain eye contact.

- 3 Choose an area to pierce.** Avoid the neck, face, hands, feet, joints, veins, and arteries. Pick a meaty area. A good place to start is the chest so that you can face your partner. You can also pierce the back and the limbs.

- 4 Clean the area that you will pierce.** Ask your partner if she is allergic to Betadine.

Most people who are allergic to shellfish are allergic to it. If she is not, wipe the area with Betadine in the direction away from the area you wish to pierce and let the Betadine dry. Clean off the Betadine with alcohol swabs, again wiping away from the piercing area. If your partner is allergic to Betadine, then wipe the area clean with a benzalkonium chloride towelette. Throw all used swabs and pads away.

- 5 Now you are ready to pierce!** Unwrap the needles that you have laid out on the paper towel. As you are ready to use each needle, separate it from the plastic sheath (which you can throw in the garbage). Hold the needle parallel to the skin. You are not sticking them straight in! Make sure the beveled side is facing up towards you. Listen to your partner's breathing. I find it very spiritual to breathe along with her. While you both slowly exhale, slide the needle into the skin and back out. It's like basting if you know anything about sewing. You do not want to go too deep—1/16 of an inch is enough. Most of the nerve endings are in the top layers of the skin.

- 6 Check in.** As you continue along, check in with your partner to get feedback and to make sure that she is having a good time. Everyone feels things differently and has different needs. This kind of activity requires a lot of communication. Some people need to take only one or two needles to feel the endorphins. A set of eight needles is good for a first time.

- 7 Make pretty patterns.** Add more needles. You can make rows, circles, or be creative. Just be careful that you don't stick yourself.

- 8 Play with them.** Try tapping the needles in the middle or at the hub (not the pointy end). Move the hub back and forth to twist the needles under the skin. These movements will create more sensations to produce more endorphins. You should still be wearing gloves.



DARLENE WEIDE

- 9 Removing the needles.** The needles can stay in for 20 minutes or for a couple of hours. When you are ready, just slide each needle out and drop it into the sharps container. You can slide it out smoothly or twist it to create more sensation. Your partner may bleed a little. This will depend on the individual's body or if she has taken aspirin or has drunk caffeinated or alcoholic beverages, which thin the blood. Some people like to play with the blood or taste their own blood. You can as well if you and your partner are fluid bonded. Or just wipe the blood up with a benzalkonium chloride towelette.

- 10 Aftercare.** Relax and enjoy the high. Drink some juice to replenish your energy.

OTHER TIPS

Use string. Lace some string or ribbon around the needles. This can look pretty. It can also create bondage points. Gently pull on the string, which will tug on the needles and create a different sensation. It's best to use lower-gauge (thicker) needles for these activities.

Multiple piercees. It can be fun to pierce each other or to pierce two people and lace them together (not too close). Be very careful about cross-contamination of body fluids. Change gloves often.

Another great way to learn how to pierce is to attend a workshop. Local SM groups will often host an instructor, who will give a demonstration. You may even get some hands-on practice on an experienced piercee before you try it out on your partner!

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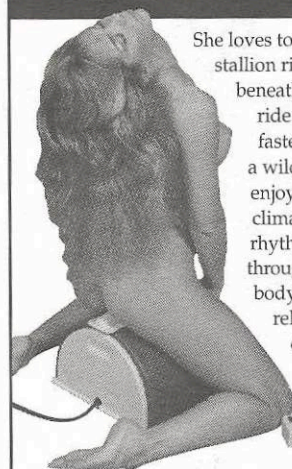
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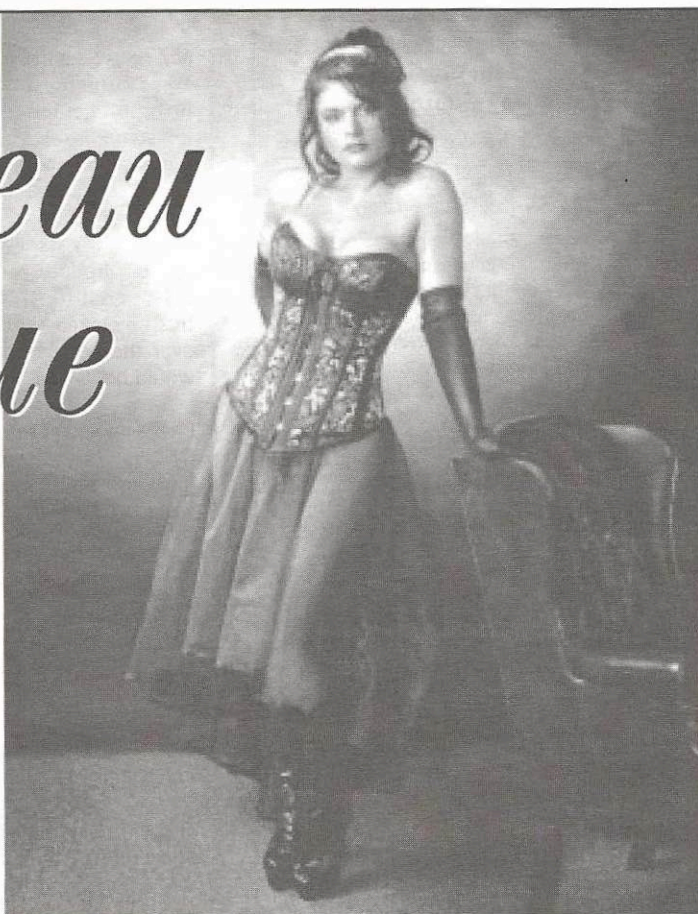
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back talk

What Is Your Secret Sexual Hang-Up?

Compiled by Lindsay McClune

I can't stand when I have to tell someone what to do, where to touch, and how to touch. I also can't stand when my partner doesn't take charge of my body roughly. My girlfriend always fondles my titties for hours, but won't squeeze my ass! **Charlene**

My "secret" sexual hang-up is that the other person will be so much more experienced than me that I'll feel like an idiot! I hope that someday I will find someone who is sort of new so we can learn together. The problem is, the longer I wait, the less chance I have of finding someone like that. I wonder how other people can be so brave, too, when there are so many STDs out there. It's awkward to bring up the topic of getting tested. **Linda**

My secret sexual hang-up is getting it up the ass. No matter how many times I've tried, I just can't get into that. Of course, I love fucking someone else up the ass! God, what a feeling of power. Maybe I just can't hand over the control. **Lyssa**

Fisting is my hang-up. My lover has been trying to introduce me to fisting, but at 44 years old, I'm not sure it's something I would enjoy. I trust my lover—I just haven't been able to get over the possible pain that my mind thinks it would be. **Susan**

I have no secret sexual hang-ups. Sex is a bodily function—like breathing—and I have no hang-ups about breathing. If I did they wouldn't be secret. **Donna**

My sexual hang-up at the moment (in that it is my wet-making fascination) is trannies and hermaphrodites. I think the last one I had was...oh, yeah, tentacle monsters from animé. Right now I am so excited about women who dress like men (the more passable the more exciting), and those marvelous people born with both sets of secondary sex characteristics. **The Nymph**

I never had a problem with sex while menstruating until it happened: I was fingering and



PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

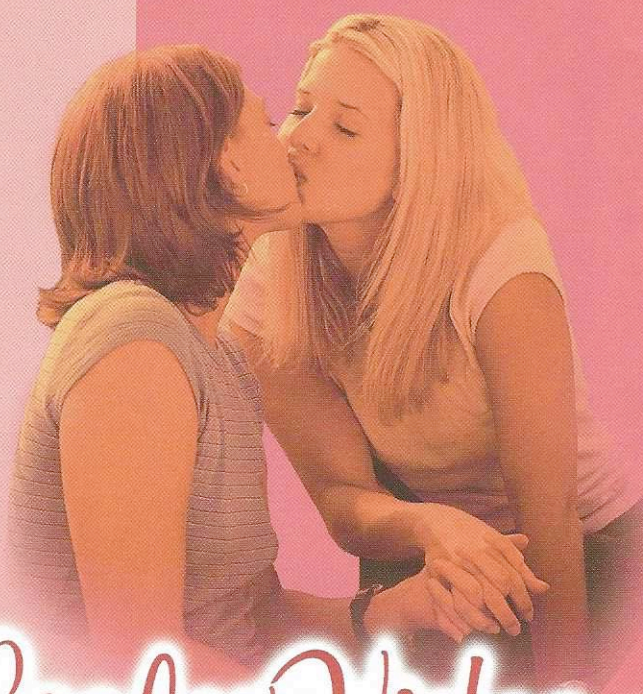
going down on someone who had their period. When she orgasmed, it was...explosive. My fingers inside her were like a funnel for the blood, which spurted onto my face and down my neck. To this day, the smell of menstrual blood grosses me out and I can't enjoy sex with someone who's menstruating (even when she's wearing a tampon). **Louise**

My secret sexual hang-up is receiving oral sex. You can spank me, fist me, flog me, fuck me, but try going down on me and I freeze up. Every once in a while it's okay, but only with a very trusted partner, and very rarely (only maybe a few times a year). A lot of the time even the idea of someone's face between my legs irks me. **Ursula**

Something I just cannot get over is when I'm lying on my back, reaping the benefits of having a beautiful woman on top of me, I cannot keep my hands to myself! I get off even more when my mouth or fingers are busy. I have to at least squeeze her butt cheeks, preferably fingering her clit or nipples. I cannot just lay there and take all of the attention. **Efia**

I don't like to be watched. I don't mean that I'm so private or shy that I can't touch myself in front of a lover, but if all they're doing is watching me do myself, I freeze up. I feel like I'm doing it for them, not for me, and that's not a turn-on. **Lynn**

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